LIBRARY
JAN 22 1979
HILLSDALE COLLEGE

the ALTERNATIVE:
AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

André Malraux, 1901-1976

A Fraternal Tribute by Roger Kaplan

John R. Coyne, Jr.: **Tom Wolfe's** *comedy of manners* ...**F.S. Manor:** *NATO in disarray*...**John Chamberlain:** *Hillsdale challenges HEW*...**Joseph P. Duggan** *on public radio*...**Anne Crutcher** *remembers Anais Nin.*

Vol. 10, No. 6 / March 1977 / One Dollar

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

■ January 15 to February 12, epic days for the Republic, glorious days for the Democracy. These were the days during which a new government took office in Washington, not via bayonets and tanks as is the custom in some of the world's capitals, oh no. In America the transfer of power comes in the Democratic Way, that is to say peacefully and lawfully, via hyperbole, sham, melodrama, and public-spirited mendacity.

■ Not only did Americans get a new government in their capital, but they got a new hysteria in their headlines. The swine flu slipped from sight to be replaced by the Terrible Winter of 1976-77. How the swine flu ever became a national issue was always a mystery; the politicoes gained nothing from it, much the contrary. For a time their influence actually drained off toward the heinous American Medical Association, and with every shout from the Surgeon General's office one could see the Republic edging ever closer to the chilling specter of Medico-ocracy. The Terrible Winter of 1976-77 was more congenial to the pols, forcing them to compete only with the long-discredited weatherman and giving them the opportunity to pose as heroes to their people, even though there would be no need of heroes had government demurred years ago from flummoxing the economics of natural gas. Such quibbles aside, the pols put on a gaudy show, often turning out to pose Churchill-like midst scenes of snowy devastation, issuing thunderous decrees and promising to bring the full power of the state to bear against the villainous climate. President Carter stood solemnly on a snowy street in Pittsburgh. The Governor of the great state of Ohio skirted the Constitution and exhorted prayer. Some minds beheld visions of Bolsheviks devilishly manipulating the skies. In Congress there was talk of high crimes being committed by Exxon, and in White County, Indiana martial law was declared. Citizens were ordered off the streets, and the county pols led great armies of snowplows against the enemies of the people.

■ On January 20th Mr. Jimmy Carter was inaugurated the 39th President. His inaugural address, intoned in his now familiar *andante con ping-pong* cadence, was a refreshingly straightforward and feebleminded oration, which implicitly answered his famous rhetorical question: "Why Not The Best?" Why not indeed! If the oration itself did not answer the question, his record does. He has precisely six years of experience in Georgia state government to his credit. The current edition of *Who's Who* still lists Mr. Carter's profession as "farmer and warehouseman." By the time this installment of "The Continuing Crisis" was filed the Wonderboy had offended both the left and the right with his economic proposals, both the left and the right with his presidential pardon, both the Speaker of the House and the Senate Majority Leader with his remoteness, and enough Senators to torpedo his artless nomination of a conscientious objector as CIA chief. Furthermore, on February 2, he delivered a "Fireside Chat" in which his most Presidential utterance was a request that citizens restrain themselves from sending "gifts" to the White House. Late in January appeared the first pictures of the new President tripping in front of the White House, an astonishing beginning for what might well be four of the most hilarious years yet seen in this very funny century—assuming the rest of the world enjoys Presidential monkeyshines as much as we do.

■ In church news, the Rev. Randy Whitehead has issued a ukase to the youth of West Salem, Illinois, stating that those bringing the largest number of friends to church school will be granted the opportunity to hit him in the face with a pie. Thanks to the photography division of the Associated Press I have actually seen the simpering radiance of the Rev. Whitehead's face, and it is my judgment that before this novel bit of Christian endeavor ends, there will not be an infidel left in West Salem nor a pie. The United Methodists have been thrown into a dark theological pother over confirmed reports that the Rev. Louis Hillendahl, 56, of Waukegan, Illinois held nude therapy sessions for the *cognoscenti* of his church. According to a sadly unsympathetic report in the *United Methodist Reporter*, the Rev. Hillendahl's sessions included "breastfeeding of unrelated men, women, and children"—activities that would seem to put them in the more liberal wing of the United Methodist Church. The ecumenical spirit is rampant in New York City, where a massage parlor named the Fellowship for Human Happiness has been duly certified as a church under the state Religion Law. Services are held for $45 per visit, and "the principal place of worship" is apartment 5F-5G at 155 E. 55th St. Devotional materials distributed by young laypersons along 55th Street include a pamphlet entitled "Fulfill Yourself and Your Dream Fantasies." Finally the latest casuistic judgment from the Rt. Rev. Paul Moore, Episcopal Bishop of New York, is being defied by a grand jury in Winchester, Tennessee. In January the incomparable Bishop ordained Miss Ellen Barrett as Episcopaldom's first avowed homosexual priest and asseverated that "Homosexuality...is not a question of morality." Now come reports that, despite Bishop Moore's pronunciamento, a Tennessee grand jury is going ahead and indicting an alleged homosexual and Peeping Tom, the Rev. Claudius I. (Bud) Vermilye, on not one but sixteen morals charges for supposedly photographing homosexual "orgies" at his "Boys Farm," a home for wayward boys. The resulting trial could prove to be the century's second Tennessee Monkey Trial; all is dependent on Bishop Moore's putting in an appearance.

■ Mr. Dwight Chapin, the convicted Watergate conspirator, has been named president and publisher of *Success Unlimited* magazine. "Consumer Alert," the radio program of New York City's Department of Consumer Affairs that warns consumers of fraud, was cancelled by WCBS when the *New York Times* reported that the program had "fictionalized and embellished" stories of swindles perpetrated by that city's capitalist roaders. Consumer Affairs Commissioner Miss Elinor Guggenheimer violently denied that her department was guilty of fraud, claiming that the show had been "embellished" purely in the interest of making it more "interesting" and "educational"—a perfectly plausible explanation to anyone familiar with marketing requirements and the Madison Avenue science. While on the issue of people devoted to moral uplift, an English anti-hunting group has taken credit for the idealistic desecration of the grave of Britain's most renowned hunter, the legendary Mr. John Peel. An anonymous telephone caller told London reporters the group exhumed the bones of the 19th-century hunter, dumped them in a sewage pit, overturned his gravestone, and covered it with a dead fox's mask, in a long-deserved protest against British foxhunting. The American government continues its harassments of cult leader Mr. Oric Bovar, the 59-year-old New York ectoplasm who parlayed a mail-order astrology business into a sect of some 200 followers, many of them well-known show business personalities. In January a bewildered Mr. Bovar was arraigned on charges of failing to report a corpse, charges stemming from his fruitless two-month vigil over the body of a fallen follower who apparently left a considerable estate that did not include Mr. Bovar.

■ Death claimed the lives of Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. Toots Shor, Miss Anais Nin (sic), and Mr. Emanuel H. Licht, the "feather king" of Long Island. Mr. Licht was the eighty-three-year-old founder and driving force behind Feather Sales Agency, Inc., the illustrious cleaner of Long Island duck feathers. Mr. Licht died of natural causes. On January 17 Mr. Gary Mark Gilmore escaped the clutches of the ACLU, and Sacramento's Mr. Robert H. Simpson, 96, the perennial picket of the California capitol, passed on. Arrested over 300 times for violating that state's anti-picketing laws and for carrying smutty placards, Mr. Simpson took unusual satisfaction in his foul mouth and generally vile disposition. Few people could stand to be around the old goat, and it was reported that when government secretaries gave him a puppy as a birthday gift some years ago, the Anti-Cruelty Society protested. Mr. Simpson was a retired Methodist pastor.

■ Expect the National Rifle Association to make quite an issue of that February 4 holdup committed in Newton, Connecticut. In it Mr. Francis M. Severance allegedly made off with $10 after threatening his victim with a 20-inch, gasoline-fed, running chain saw—a weapon easily obtained by Americans of all ages. The FBI has arrested poor Mr. W.E. White who, when confronted by occupied restrooms on a flight from Newark to Miami, panicked—yelling, "I gotta go. I gotta go," and threatening to hijack the plane. Finally a sigh of relief was heard from the corporate offices of Lever Brothers and Procter & Gamble when Federal Trade Commissioner Paul Rand apologized for calling consumer advocate Mr. Ralph Nader a "dirty Arab." Apparently Mr. Dixon was only making an ethnic slur. —*RET*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

5 Brother Malraux ..... Roger Kaplan 5
10 NATO in Disarray ..... F.S. Manor 10
13 Some Things Considered ..... Joseph P. Duggan 13
16 Mother to the Sixties: Anais Nin Remembered ..... Anne Crutcher 16
18 The Hillsdale Affair ..... John Chamberlain 18
20 The Sorrow, the Pity, the Injustice of Justice ..... John Nollson 20
22 Jimmy Carter's Rite of Passage ..... William F. Gavin 22
24 Moving the Mails: The Tortoise Express ..... Herbert W. Stupp 24

Departments

2 The Continuing Crisis 2
4 Editorial / A Prophet in Exile ..... R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 4
23 The Nation's Pulse / Jerry Ford ..... Peter J. Rusthoven 23
25 The Talkies / *Rocky* ..... Philip Terzian 25
36 Correspondence 36
38 Current Wisdom ..... Assorted Jackasses 38

Book Reviews

26 *The First Amendment and the Future of American Democracy* ..... Jeremy Rabkin 26
28 *Mauve Gloves & Madmen, Clutter & Vine* ..... John R. Coyne, Jr. 28
31 *The Economists* and *Essays on Hayek* ..... Edwin G. Dolan 31
32 *The Black Family in Slavery and Freedom* ..... Stephen Peter Rosen 32
34 *Israel Divided* ..... Edward Alexander 34

Editor in Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.; **Publisher:** Baron Von Kannon of the Saturday Evening Club; **Business Manager:** Ronald E. Burr; **Managing Editor:** Adam Meyerson; **Assistant Managing Editor:** Joseph P. Duggan; **Production Manager:** Kenneth J. Gooderham; **Executive Secretary:** Marian Staum; **Subscription Manager:** Craig D. Pfeiffer; **Senior Editors:** Terry Krieger, William Kristol, Karl O'Lessker; **Art Advisor:** Elliott Banfield; **Associates:** Jameson G. Campaigne, Jr., John R. Coyne, Jr., Alan Reynolds; **Contributors:** Robert Asahina, Aram Bakshian, Jr., A. Lawrence Chickering, Christopher DeMuth, Terry Eastland, Jerry Gerde, K.E. Grubbs, Jr., Anthony Harrigan, Neil Howe, Leslie Lenkowsky, Robert McTiernan, Judy Mathews, Rev. George Nathan, William H. Nolte, Terry O'Rourke, Marc F. Plattner, G.W. Plunkitt, Peter J. Rusthoven, Benjamin Stein, J. Whitney Stillman; **Legal Counsel:** Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short.

The Alternative: An American Spectator *was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. After 43 years of salutary neglect it came under the purview of the Saturday Evening Club in 1967 and is now published by the Club monthly except July and September at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Second class postage paid at Bloomington, Indiana, and additional mailing offices.*

A one-year subscription (ten issues) costs $10, outside the United States $11. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to The Alternative, *P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, Indiana 47401. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.*

Microfilm editions of The Alternative *are available from Xerox University Microfilms, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.*

Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin.

Copyright The Alternative *magazine 1977.*

Volume 10, Number 6, March 1977.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIAL
R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

A Prophet in Exile

A former Georgia Governor—a Bible-pounding Baptist—is President of the Great Republic. A Boston Irishman is Speaker of the House of Representatives. A Southerner and former Ku Kluxian reigns supreme as Senate Majority Leader. There are fewer women in the Ninety-fifth Congress than in the Ninety-fourth. There are no women in the Senate. Thus, after a decade of prophecy and prayer, we enter the New Age, the New Politics, the New Consciousness...at last the Change so fervently spoken of throughout the last decade!

How has such a prodigious metamorphosis occurred? One of the New Age's most celebrated prophets spotted the stirrings of this historic change early, and he has meticulously chronicled the whole gorgeous process: "I saw new consciousness first in Berkeley, California, in the summer of 1967. I saw it more deeply at Yale, 1967-70. It changed me and changed my life. I remember this as a time of incredible excitement and discovery, of opening up to unknown realms and corridors, lights and colors, undreamed-of places in the mind and the feelings. It had the power of a primal event which had to be accepted with wonder and awe. There was a sense of dawn, of daybreak over the land. Spontaneously, almost accidentally, a large number of people discovered that they could change. They could grow by expanding their minds and opening up to new ways of thinking. Old ways of thinking had become entrenched, obsolete, and finally destructive." So speaks Professor Charles Reich today, seven years after writing his memorable monograph, *The Greening of America*, a modern classic in cultural forecasting.

At one time this book was more intensely talked about than the Bible or any sex manual ever written. Perhaps its lucubrations never jolted the unlettered, but *Greening* was learnedly dissected on all the talk-shows and even Rotarians heard tell of its prophecies. God knows it was potent stuff in Winnetka, Illinois, and how it did invade the universities! Notwithstanding the fact that the Republic's more knowledgeable reviewers greeted it with a general roll-of-the-eyes, university professors from diverse disciplines made it essential reading in their classes. Overnight, crazy Charlie was the new Plato. College girls read him and wept. College boys read him, and a squadron of butterflies took off in their tummies. The Profs underlined. Then Charlie sank from sight and from mind.

His perfumed and voluptuous visions were not long missed, however, for American culture is colossally fecund nowadays. Today at least as many frauds ply their trade as ever ministered to the boobs of the 1920s, and their snake oil is infinitely more amusing and edifying for they labor amongst the tin-pot intelligentsia. Furthermore, as Charlie's career richly suggests, they fall for their own hocus pocus, and it foozles them beyond repair. Remember if you can those dizzy transients of yore. Dr. Timothy Leary, Dr. Daniel Ellsberg, and the gifted Berrigans? Our era abounds with such overnight luminaries momentarily cashing in on visions of apocalypse and tales of unsurpassed iniquity.

Mr. Ringling's Big Top

Perhaps there was a time when the average Americano was indeed a poltroon and a sap for any fabulist intent on working him over, but times have changed. Today one has a better chance of finding good sense and generous sentiment in the corner barbershop than at practically any cultural redoubt. This is not to say that there are not civilized people to be found amongst the culturati, but such people are assuredly the exception. Those who compose the rule are overwhelmingly ignoramuses adept in the most preposterous hysteria. They fall for tales of terror and images of utopia, and whereas in an earlier era our Charlie would have been given an animal bladder and sent to perform under Mr. Ringling's Big Top, today he is trumpeted by the great publishing houses and invited to tour the cultural Chautauqua circuit from Harvard to Cucamonga, California.

Charlie was one of the most formidable quacks ever loosed in those purlieus. More than one Jaycee gave up the pursuit of Mammon to follow him, and his prognostications of pandemic whoopee were even entered into the *Congressional Record*. Yet the culturati tire, and poor Charlie was soon left high, dry, and ranting. Now he has published his sequel, *The Sorcerer of Bolinas Reef*, and attracted not a peep of laudation, though this book is even more thunderingly moronic than *Greening*. *The Sorcerer* is an autobiographical account of Charlie's discovery of Consciousness III, the sudden awareness that finished off bourgeois America. In it he prophesies even vaster revolutions for America, and he includes helpful hints on how the reader can prepare for life in the forthcoming era. Now forecasts of social change generally fetch the culturati even if the forecaster is a has-been. Yet not even *The New York Review of Books* has given Charlie a nod—an unusual event that, for this famous review is given to celebrating worthies like Charlie regardless of their future prospects. It actually keeps connoisseurs like Dr. Garry Wills and Gore Vidal on retainer for the sole purpose of whooping it up everytime a travesty like *The Sorcerer of Bolinas Reef* comes along. On the face of it there seems to me to be evidence of a curious conspiracy against Charlie. Not even reviewed in *The New York Review of Books*? This deserves scrutiny.

Surely he is not being ignored because his early celebration of hedonism slipped so rapidly into the narcissism inhering throughout *The Sorcerer*. Nor is he being passed over because of his metaphysical maunderings over rock music, dope, and John Kenneth Galbraith's *New Industrial State*, a book which apparently influenced him as deeply as *I'm OK, You're OK*. I even doubt that his latest confessions to a life of pederasty, a belief in magic, and a passion for "cookies and milk," brought him into his present low estate. Such passions are common amongst the culturati, though most of its members were initiated into them in a different sequence than poor Charlie, who admits in his latest work never to have experienced any sort of coition until the grey age of 44—two years after the publishing of *Greening*!—and then only with a "male model" who charged him $25 and took a $10 gratuity. Women's delights he savored two years later.

I believe Charlie is being given the old snub. I believe he is being given it because the very boldness and breadth of his last book were simply too much for the culturati. Most of the culturati are chic liberals who devoutly believe in Charlie's personal philosophy of hedonism, self-absorption and juvenescence. Most accept a politics that grafts the idealism of Mao Tse-tung to the realism of Eleanor Roosevelt, and most desire that our foreign policy be based on the programs of the New York City Department of Public Welfare; but few would be so artless or so reckless as to harangue for all of it in one book. When Charlie did that he mortified a large number of America's cultural entrepreneurs. Not only that, he scared hell out of them.

Charlie is the paradigmatic member of the New Class. Raised in Manhattan's toney East Eighties by a father and mother who adored the New Deal, Charlie was given his foundation in New Class philosophy at Oberlin. Full of zeal for reform and

(*continued on page 33*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roger Kaplan

Brother Malraux

He was Renaissance man and Resistance hero, adventurer in the East and defender of the West. And the clash of ideas leaps from his pages like the whistle of shells.

If you wanted to write a great historical novel of the twentieth century, one that would stir your contemporaries with a chronicle of the great events of their era and an anguished meditation on the problems of the destiny of mankind, and inspire your children with epics of desperate action in the service of liberty and teach them what's worth fighting for, one thing you would not lack is material: ours has been a century of permanent conflict and incessant interrogation. Every value has been questioned, every answer has led to more problems; today, the unprecedented well-being and freedom which are the fruits of twenty-five centuries of what we used to call the adventure of the Occident are called the result of plunder and exploitation, and the political and economic ideas which produced them are reviled instead of copied and adapted. In the last quarter of our century, more than at any time since the Jewish prophets taught man that history is charged with meaning, the very essence of humanity is an open question. Surely a novelist cannot ask for more—if he can bear to deal with so much.

If you were so ambitious as to try to tell a story explaining what has happened for such convulsions to be possible, you might well be inclined to invent a protagonist who was born with the century and acted in its great events. He would be old enough to see the Great War, if not to fight in it then to hear his father or uncles tell him about it; he would be intelligent enough to grasp the revolutionary intellectual and artistic currents released by that war and to understand that it signalled the waning of Europe's pre-eminence in the world, the rise of America and Russia, the awakening of Asia. He would not be a dogmatist, nor would he be anything but a man of principle: for dogmas are mere human guesses that times of change shatter along with the conditions that made them seem reasonable; but principles are what men live by, what make them human, connecting them to the severed past and the unknown future.

The novel's protagonist would be a European always crossing mountains and oceans to the most distant parts of the other continents, one in complete command of his own tradition but with an insatiable curiosity for the traditions of others, a man with no identity problems inhibiting him from meeting and appreciating countless men unlike himself, able to grasp their essential likeness and the essential contemporaneity of the treasures of dead civilizations. He would be a thinker, it goes without saying, but he would also be a man of action, and his lessons to posterity would be found in his deeds as well as in his writings. He would be, in an age which he might well conceive of as the last phase of the Modern Era, which began with the colossal dreams of the Renaissance, the last and the greatest of the *uomini di virtù*, and he might well be led to reflect that it was all ending in an abysmal nightmare were it not for the fact that his very life proved that men can endure and triumph.

There was a character for such a novel, and the novel is his life. He was born on November 3, 1901, and he died on November 23, 1976. His name: André Malraux.

Roger Kaplan, a native of Paris, is a doctoral candidate in the history of culture at the University of Chicago.

II

In André Malraux's life there was none of the "thought versus action" dilemma which plagues so many intellectuals. Although naturally he reflected upon the relation between the two, it slowed neither his political energy nor his creative contributions. One might say that he did things in order to think and write about them, except that he remarked that the ideas one uses are as often as not merely justifications for one's deeds. The remark is ironic, perhaps humble, for Malraux believed passionately that men must strive to live up to their best ideas, whose power he never underestimated. He was among the first to denounce, at a time when the Communist Party was very popular in France (right after World War II), the manipulation of ideas by the Communists: if ideas became the property of a party, they would be turned into lies.

What counted for Malraux, in life, was to surpass the human tragedy, the recognition of finitude and death. Since he was a man of no religious faith, ideas and art took the place of the sacred. But the spiritual transcendence which he sought to explain in his writings on art would have meant nothing to him if it did not foster —as religion still does for some—human solidarity. He was no academician. If his thinking is sometimes difficult to follow, it is because of his passion for communication, not from any arrogance of mind: he trusts the reader to catch up with him as he races from idea to idea and, if the reader cannot, the books are always there to be read anew. If the aim of his many books can be reduced to one sentence, it is this one: "how to make man see that he can build his greatness, without religion, on the void that crushes him." This aim is the link between his fiction and his writings on art, the consistent theme that unites his apparent paradoxes and contradictions, his life with his thought—or, if one prefers, his soul with his self—and that is the primary motivation of his extraordinary career.

III

Finishing high school in 1919, André Malraux chose autodidactism over college and set himself to studying art, which fascinated him. He audited courses at the Ecole du Louvre and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went to work for publishing firms, editing beautiful books containing work by the likes of Alfred Jarry, Max Jacob, Fernand Léger. His own literary work of this period was rather precious, influenced by the surrealism of the time but without the violent energy of an André Breton. Yet he met the artists, like Picasso, who would revolutionize art in his lifetime: always in front, he thought that more interesting than comparing Ingres and Delacroix in a classroom.

Not satisfied working with publishers on the most important art being done in Paris, Malraux took his first wife, Clara Goldschmidt, on his first great adventure: an archeological expedition in 1923 to a remote Cambodian forest. The expedition was a success, but on their return to Phnom Penh the Malraux and their companion, Louis Chevasson, were arrested and charged with stealing temple statues.

The experience of jail, trial in a colonial court, and imprisonment until late 1924 when the sentence was commuted, in large part thanks to protests on his behalf from writers and artists in France, did not endear Malraux to French power in Indochina. He returned in 1925, not to look for statues but to edit a pro-independence newspaper. The publication did not last long, though its circulation was very large, but Malraux's commitment to the liberation of the peoples of Asia was firmly established. He visited Hong Kong and Canton and, according to some biographers (he was reticent to the point of secretiveness about his private life), worked for the Kuomintang, which at the time was supported by the Comintern. He returned to Paris in 1926, and, while taking up his editorial work (editing such writers as Gide and Mauriac and becoming director for art books at Gallimard), published his first major work, *La Tentation de L'Occident* ("The Temptation of the West," 1926), in which he set forth the theme, to which he would often return, that to know man one must compare men in various civilizations. The Indochinese experience, in sum, gave Malraux a political perspective while deepening his philosophical base. It also convinced him that, whatever value his early, somewhat whimsical and surrealistic work might have, writing, like political action, must be rooted firmly in reality. There was never any doubt in his mind as to this reality: it never occurred to him, as it does sometimes to other Westerners who are tempted by the Orient, to take a Buddhist perspective—or even a Maoist one. To learn from Asia meant to get a fresh perspective on the West, but still with Western eyes.

The young Chinese in France who, in *La Tentation*, is exchanging letters with a young Frenchman on his way to China, points out that the Occident has lost control of that individualism which served it so well, for the countervailing sense of absolute values has been pulverized by the intensity of the twentieth century. "The intensity which ideas create in you today seems to me to explain your life better than the ideas themselves. For you, absolute authority was first God, then Man; but Man is dead, following God, and you are searching with anguish for something to which you can entrust his strange heritage....You think there is, in what you call man, something permanent which doesn't exist." Even while recognizing that Western ideas are rapidly penetrating the Eastern consciousness, the Oriental counsels his correspondent to follow the East and submit to the eternal rhythms of the world. Perhaps Malraux was denouncing the demands of submission to less natural powers when he has the Frenchman answer: "The most beautiful death proposal is a solution only for weakness." Years later, in the *Antimémoires*, Malraux was to write: "One of the most profound metamorphoses is from the submission to fate to the domination of fate." For him, the courage to face life truthfully and to describe it honestly was not only a precondition for serious intellectual work, it was a stark necessity for life itself. In a sense, the temptation of the West was the European's, not the young Chinese's—the temptation to submit to dogmas as a cynical escape from moral despair. But Malraux will have none of this: man will have to find values the hard way. In the meantime, Malraux will not turn his back on the individualistic rationalism of the West: "The consciousness of being *one* is one of the irreducible givens of human existence," he wrote in an essay of the same period, "and perhaps the only intangible."

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of *La Tentation* is that it reveals Malraux's knack for being ahead by decades of just about every one of his contemporaries. But unlike some later existentialists—Malraux has rightly been called a forerunner of that mood which unfortunately now means almost anything to anyone—Malraux was not one to equate the despair provoked by his sense of crisis with defeat or resignation. Western man's situation in 1930 may be precarious and absurd; all the more reason to build and hope. In the thirties came the series of great novels and the political commitments which marked Malraux as the prototype of *l'écrivain engagé*. "Life," he wrote in *La Tentation*, "is a series of possibilities."

IV

The first two novels of adventure, *Les Conquérants* ("The Conquerors," 1928) and *La Voie royale* ("The Royal Road," 1930), written in overlapping periods, have something Conradian about them. They are both about men, like the young Malraux, in search of adventure—and values. Perken, the obsessed protagonist of *La Voie royale*, does not appear to believe in anything; but his ultimate ambition is "to leave a scar on the map" by protecting the independence of the wild tribesmen over whom he has established a sort of kingdom. In *Les Conquérants*, Garine is in the service of the Chinese revolution, fighting in the ranks of the Kuomintang for the downtrodden coolies whom he affects at times to despise. "I contributed to giving them hope. Their hope. I don't care for fine phrases, but, after all, men's hope, that's what they live and die for." Malraux had found an important value in fraternity, the fraternity that allows men to hope for something better.

For against the background of crisis—collapse of values, international instability—Malraux had chosen his possibilities. Perhaps the Westerner in Asia is condemned to a certain degree of cynicism; perhaps his oversophistication makes him affect a certain dandyism in politics as well as in dress: Garine unseriously asks if he should not pass over to the enemy (in this instance the British Empire). Perhaps this is so; but Malraux is nonetheless intent on making his heroes fight for what is in their view an increase in human brotherhood. *Fraternité* is a word that crops up frequently in his writing. And it is the only value that can give meaning to the lives of the doomed heroes of *La Condition humaine* ("Man's Fate"), Malraux's most famous novel (1933). The novel is a story of war and betrayal in Shanghai of 1927, and it won for Malraux the prestigious Prix Goncourt.

"What good is a life that one will not die for?" This is the extraordinary question posed by the Communist leader, Kyo. It is significant that he is a Marxist, for the adventurers of *La Voie royale* and *Les Conquérants* had to progress, by the logic of Malraux's artistic development, beyond the pure will-to-power —tempered by a vague longing for fraternity which they affect to scorn—and towards serious political commitments.

In *La Condition humaine*, the Kuomintang—which in *Les Conquérants* was seen holding off the British Empire with the help of Comintern cadres—is now afraid of the growing Communist influence in its ranks and is preparing to stab the Shanghai Communists in the back. Adding to the perfidy, the Comintern, while trying to decide whether staying in Chiang Kai-shek's good graces is worth the sacrifice of its adherents, contributes to the massacre. Kyo and his friends, who have given their lives to a vision of justice of which fate is making a mockery, must learn how to die with dignity. In helping one another face extinction, they impart to their deaths some of the meaning with which they wanted to fill their lives and the lives of others.

There was some talk of a film of *Man's Fate*, directed by Sergei Eisenstein and with music by Shostakovitch, but nothing came of it. Stalin probably thought it might be subversive.

V

Malraux participated actively in the antifascist movement. He helped found the World League Against Antisemitism. In 1934, accompanied by André Gide, he travelled to Berlin to solicit the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

release of the man falsely accused of burning the Reichstag. He still found time to go look for the lost city of the Queen of Sheba in the Arabian desert: the perilous flight is magnificently remembered in the *Antimémoires*. In *Le Temps du mépris* ("Time of Scorn"), a novella of 1935, he was one of the first to warn of the existence of concentration camps. The book, which one may compare to Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, is, once again, an affirmation against terrible forces: for only the hope of fraternity, of reunion with his family and comrades, saves the anti-Nazi Kassner from breakdown during his interrogation and incarceration.

In 1936, when Franco led a rebellion of the Spanish officer corps against the legitimate government, Malraux arrived in Spain almost immediately—to fight for the Republican cause. Before the International Brigades were organized in October, he was equipping and flying missions with the España Squadron. He flew sixty-five missions against the fascist columns advancing on Madrid, was wounded twice, wrote chapters of *L'Espoir* ("Man's Hope") during refueling stops. Afterwards, he spoke everywhere he could (including the U.S.) on behalf of the Republican cause. *L'Espoir*, a novel of the civil war, has sometimes been called a propaganda book. It certainly is not, but it was published when the war was still undecided, and it contains a frank defense of the Communist argument (against the anarcho-syndicalists) of winning the war first and making the revolution later. However, it is mainly a book in praise of the Spanish people, a large fresco of the rebirth of a people's dignity.

Whether *L'Espoir* is the best political novel ever written is a question which need not detain us. Whether it is one of the best political novels of the twentieth century is a question we need not ask. Certainly there are few novels where the significance of European Communism is explored with so much passion and intelligence. In the specific context of Spain in 1936, the Republic is in danger; the Communist Party wants to defend it; the Soviet Union is, with the exception of Mexico whose help is limited, the only source of arms; but the CP insists on brutal efficiencies—including executions of deserters and a downplaying of revolutionary fervor—that rankle the many non-Communist Republicans, in particular the anarchists who consitute the biggest single Republican group. What does one do? Because of its frontal attack on this question, which never keeps it from dealing with its characters in all their human, non-ideological aspects, *L'Espoir* is the best book to start with if one has never read Malraux. What indeed does one do? The four fascist columns are advancing, the fifth is spreading terror behind the lines. Manuel, the emerging loyalist military leader, is faced with men who broke at the front. After their execution, he says: "I knew what had to be done and I did it. I am determined to serve my party and I will not let psychological reactions stop me." The loyalist colonel of the Guardia Civil, Ximénès, tells him: "You want to act without losing any part of fraternity; I believe man too small for that." In another conversation involving Marxist and Christian, the Communist says the best thing one can do with one's life is to "transform into consciousness the largest possible experience."

This was certainly an ambition Malraux shared. He presents the Communists as dedicated to winning the war and confident in the Spanish people's ability, once the war is won, to make their own emancipation (in Marx's famous phrase). Malraux would have written a different book if he had been in Spain a year later than 1936, for by 1937 percipient observers (like Orwell) could detect the full horror and hypocrisy of Communist actions in Spain. Be that as it may, Malraux had every right to say, ten years later, that it was the Communist Party, not he, that had abandoned and betrayed the ideals of the admirable, tormented, and yet firm men of *L'Espoir*.

VI

At the beginning of World War II, Malraux enlisted as a private in a tank division, and was captured by the Germans when the French army was defeated in 1940. He escaped to the Free Zone (Vichy), and his letter to de Gaulle, offering his services as a pilot in the Free French air force, was eaten by its carrier on the point of arrest—an episode from one of his novels, one might say. Towards the end of the war, Malraux became one of the more prominent members of the Resistance, and was military commander of one of the *maquis* regions. But in the interim, he believed the interior resistance premature and therefore foolhardy, and he withdrew to write *La Lutte avec l'ange* ("The Struggle with the Angel"), of which only the first part, *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg* ("The Walnut Trees of Altenburg"), was published (the second part was destroyed by the Germans when they raided his library). Possibly his most ambitious work, it is an attempt to answer the question: what is the essence of humanity?

But is such a question even possible any longer? At the colloquium of Altenburg, which Walter Berger, friend of Nietzsche and renowned historian, organizes, the dreadful weight of a possible negative answer is given all the moral—and therefore human—actuality of a boxer's last fight in a story by Ernest Hemingway. There are few writers indeed who can make the clash of ideas leap from a page as effectively as they can raise from it the awful whistle of shells, and Malraux is the best.

Möllberg, Africanist and philosopher—but at Altenburg they are all philosophers—has worked fifteen years on a book that would present a "rigorous and powerfully coherent interpretation of man." But to the stupefaction of the audience, his talk announces that he has given up his project, that human history has no meaning whatsoever, because, he claims, different cultures and civilizations cannot share what to them is most meaningful. What concept, a colleague asks, can have led Möllberg to abandon his former confidence? "Not a concept! Africa." The intellectual was, it appears, stymied by reality.

But Vincent Berger, Walter's nephew and the narrator's father, cannot accept this dismal nihilism, even though he finds no words with which to refute Möllberg successfully. He too is an intellectual, albeit one whose life has been highly adventurous. A year or so after the colloquium, he is on the Vistula front; the army is about to test a new gas on the Russians. The gas works: and the horror of the decomposed Russian line—dead animals, dead grass, and dying men—is so overpowering that when Vincent Berger reaches the first enemy trenches, he finds that his men have forgot they are soldiers. He meets a German carrying a Russian: "There was in the whole motion, in the manner the German held the body, a clumsy and poignant fraternity." The shock of the strangulated enemy line was so frightening that the entire German attack has turned itself into a rescue mission, and the Germans are dropping their guns and searching like lost children for Russians who are still breathing, and trying to carry them out of the gassed area. Vincent Berger, joining in the rescue, is fatally poisoned.

This is the answer to the austere and, like so many intellectuals, inhuman Möllberg. The intellectual confuses his own obtuseness with an unsameness that would allow man to recognize in his fellow only the bestial. Vincent Berger and his men prove just the opposite: man recognizes himself in his capacity for turning fate—death—into freedom: overcoming it or, at least, extracting from it something, be it only a desperate gesture of fraternity. The heroic officer's son, in 1940 a prisoner of the Germans, remembers how men can connect with that "nobility within them that men ignore—that triumphant part of the only animal who knows he must die."

In 1944 Malraux emerged at the head of a tank column in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brigade Alsace-Lorraine, known to his men only as "Colonel Berger."

VII

In all Malraux's novels, there is an extraordinary interplay between spiritual obsessions and violent action. By spiritual obsessions is not meant religious faith: on the contrary, he attacked organized religion throughout his life and, despite his fascination with Asia, never was tempted to convert to Hindu or Buddhist ways of thought. However, he asked religious questions. He respected all religious thought, without caring for churches, because he recognized in it the source and constant inspiration of the fundamental human questions, the questions, precisely, that reappear in all his books, from the Cambodian jungle to the blazing streets of Shanghai, from the barricaded positions on the outskirts of Madrid, to the torture chambers of the Gestapo, from the gassed no-man's-land of the Vistula front, to the space of contemplation before a great painting in the Imaginary Museum, to the space of awesome dialogue between the two armchairs in which he and Charles de Gaulle are sitting: why are we here? does death negate life, or can it give it meaning? how can we be better men? With Malraux, only the most difficult questions were worth pondering, only the greatest causes worth fighting for, only the noblest men worth joining in the march across life: is it any wonder that one cannot put down any of his books (as Jean Schlumberger remarked) without a kind of enthusiasm for the human? His philosophical passages, however, are never ponderous, because they are always made of the flesh and blood that surround them. Malraux is basically a war writer. Even in *La Voie royale*, there is a war of sorts, against a savage tribe whose members castrate and blind their captives. *Les Conquérants* and *La Condition humaine* are set in the eye of the great tempest over Asia that was as decisive for twentieth-century history as were the two world wars. *Le Temps du mépris* is an episode in the anti-Nazi crusade. *L'Espoir* is a dazzling record of the first year of the Spanish Civil War. *Les Noyers de l'Altenburg* covers the Great War as well as the French defeat of 1940. And always, Malraux also writes of the private war man must wage against the forces—cowardice, bad faith, laziness, backsliding—that would take away his dignity and reduce him to nothingness.

Malraux never wrote about his private problems—"What do I care about what matters only to me!" he said scornfully. What mattered was what, in him, mattered also to other men. Malraux therefore took the high road: the great events and the great questions. What he stood for was will against weakness, determination against trepidity, fraternity against disunity. But because he knew that no man is steeled until he has been tempted by what he dislikes most, his books are not propaganda for his ideas, but always unique creations in which his ideas come to life. He was surely one of the first of his generation's prominent writers to realize that maintaining a skeptical distance from public affairs and received social values—though necessary to preserve one's intellectual integrity—was no absolute good in itself: the question was what this distance led one to. When the cause was just, he threw himself into it, and made no apologies for courting power or for wanting to be read, not by an elite of literati, but by as wide a public as possible. He travelled alongside the Communist Party in the thirties, because the first menace was Hitler, and counseled Gide against publishing *Retour de l'URSS* until the end of the Spanish War, even though he knew Gide had seen the ugly truth in the Soviet paradise. But when the victory over Nazism was assured, Malraux threw his prestige and his talents into the battle to save France from Communism, saying there was no inconsistency in stopping policemen from perverting the ideal of social justice that had identified him with the Left in the thirties. Malraux recognized that the party of Kyo and Manuel had become a gang of henchmen for Stalin, and so he fought it, first in the councils of the Resistance, then as chief spokesman for de Gaulle's Rassemblement du Peuple Français (RPF). No other writer save George Orwell, apparently, perceived so sharply and so soon the monstrous ability of the Communist Parties to use the big lie technique and other methods of massive deceit; much of the energy of the rallies which he organized for the Gaullist political campaign therefore had to be expended on replying to "a systematic organization of lies chosen for their usefulness." In the same famous speech in which he said this, he added: "For us, the guarantee of political and spiritual liberty is not in political liberalism, which is condemned to death as soon as it comes up against Stalinists: the guarantee of liberty is the strength of the state in the service of all the citizens." Perhaps he underestimated the resilience of political liberalism. He was not mistaken in his estimate of the strength of the Communist Party, which still threatens France today.

VIII

While fighting for France, meter by meter, while seeing his comrades tortured by the Gestapo when he was captured in 1944, Malraux had learned the significance of national pride. He who had embraced internationalism and fought in other peoples' wars, who had thought deeply and written on the reasons for T.E. Lawrence's failure, understood that one's dreams begin at home. The man of the hour, Malraux realized, was Charles de Gaulle, who had saved France's unity by appealing to the mythic image of the nation; there can be little doubt that de Gaulle appreciated Malraux in large part for this lucidity. Only in the name of the nation, and of the principles it represented, could resistance be organized against the Nazis; even the Communists understood this. On the 18th of June, 1940, de Gaulle's voice from London had spoken for this unvanquished nation the larger part of whose population was vanquished, and in liberated Paris four years later, his presence represented its triumphant unity and continuity.

As France got bogged down in Indochina, whose aspirations to independence Malraux had helped arouse, and the RPF was defeated at the polls, de Gaulle retired to write his magisterial *Mémoires de guerre*; Malraux returned to his lifelong studies of the arts. Malraux was convinced that art, not in itself—that would hardly befit the man of action—but by its continual release of creative and re-creative energies, is the truest semblance of eternity available to man. Art exists not for the consolations of feeble aesthetes, but to justify man's claims to nobility. Hence, its importance for him: as a way of reaching into the mystery of man and overcoming helplessness, and a far better way than fighting with tanks and machine guns. And so it was fitting, when de Gaulle returned to power and established the Fifth Republic in 1958, that he should have chosen Malraux as his Minister of Culture. Malraux was to remark to an American journalist that the museums he erected throughout France as Minister of Culture were the best monument to his memory; and together with his voluminous writings on art during these years, they showed him possessed, in his old age, of all the enthusiasm of his youth, the enthusiasm for everything that can raise man's thoughts from despair to confidence in himself and in his human culture, or shall we say the culture that makes him human. As he writes on the last page of *Les Voix du silence* ("The Voices of Silence," 1951): "Humanism does not mean: 'What I did, no animal could do,' it means: 'We refused what the animal in us wanted, and we want to rediscover man wherever we have found what crushes him.'"

To Malraux as Minister of Culture the nation was the continuation of his search for "possibilities," for ways of fashioning something in the fold of an indifferent eternity. So it is fascinating to compare his years of service in the Fifth Republic with his literary work of that period—the *Antimémoires*. In a sense, it is the best book available on the Fifth Republic (it is much else besides.) For in this striking new conception of the autobiography, the characteristically Malravian point is in some ways the same as the Gaullist point about France: it refuses to be a memory, a recounting of *gestae*—and Malraux had enough to recount!—or an intimate confession, or an *apologia*, or even, which is normally seen as the summit of autobiography, the unfolding of an education. The *Antimémoires*, in 1967, were the latest chapters of André Malraux's record of his "bloody and vain life," his encounters with men; and this great creator, who four years later,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the age of seventy-one, volunteered his services as a tank commander to an invaded Bangladesh, was too busy to waste time explaining how things had been. And this, precisely, was a large part of the Gaullist program for France. The Fourth Republic looked backward to the Third; the traditional Right looked backward to, well, 1788, one imagines; and the traditional Left looked back with more nostalgia than any of them to the days when there was a myth of the Proletariat. France, in effect, was a crowd of laggards living in their own museum and wearing slippers. De Gaulle, despite his occasional lapses into certain anachronisms, was the only French politician willing, as Malraux had always counseled, to study the possibilities concretely and proceed from there. And in addition he was, in the epic sense of the word, a statesman.

In May 1968, French students thought they were sweeping away the vestiges of the past. It remained for Ionesco, that cunning genius, to point out that the allies of youth were the grandfathers, remembering the halcyon days of anarchism before the Great War. Malraux saw this too. Calling for socialism and anarchy from the streets of the immaculately bourgeois Latin Quarter was pure "lyrical illusion," and Malraux perceived a deep civilizational crisis in this Luddite rage that appealed to distant hopes from the last century. Although one may doubt, in view of the Gaullist electoral victory in June, whether May was, finally, much more than a large *guignol* compounded by a normal, if mightier than usual, French general strike, Malraux took the challenge seriously and worked hard to assure the Gaullist triumph.

It may seem ironic that Malraux the young revolutionary should in his later years have spoken so strongly against the forces of "revolution." In truth his role in the destiny of his nation after the war was not much different from his role as a free *écrivain engagé* in the thirties. He had the responsibilities of power, but his double commitment to action and words in the service of man's resistance to nihilism and despair, remained the same. With de Gaulle he tried to awaken in the French their best qualities, knowing that France is great only when universal, when working for all mankind. Undoubtedly there is in this notion part of the explanation for France's often irritating independent course within the Western alliance. And the young Malraux certainly cannot be invoked against the old one for saying, over the ashes of the Resistance hero Jean Moulin, brought to the Panthéon: "Today, young people, may you think of this man as you would have approached your hands to his poor deformed face on the last day, his poor lips that had not talked; that day, it was the face of France." One wonders, though, how many citizens of a nation that sells its honor for oil and arms markets, can even hope to measure up to the standards of a man like Jean Moulin.

In the midst of the violence and abjectness that characterized his times, Malraux offered hope and honor and said that hope gave men the strength to surpass themselves. In the face of the political and intellectual opportunism that characterized his world of collapsing and changing values, he asserted that the simplest values were still the best and that loyalty and fraternity could give more worth to men's lives than expediency and facile adaptation. In the face of the stupidity of false utopias, he scandalously took political reality as he found it and was willing, intellectual and writer, to assume responsibility for it instead of sitting back in phoney world-weariness or useless moralism. André Malraux, whole man, was a beacon for his times, and if we wish to preserve a world in which free men can think and thrive we must make him a beacon for our times too. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

F.S. Manor

NATO in Disarray

Cyprus is divided, Brussels is on strike, and the Austrians joke —while the Soviet military buildup is the most threatening ever.

The itinerary of my winter journey was entirely fortuitous. Yet the three pieces of the mosaic—Cyprus, Brussels, and Vienna—produced a remarkably coherent picture, one of Western ingenuity and enterprise, threatened by an equal dose of Western pusillanimity and an obstinate refusal to face harsh realities. Having spent a good part of the Second World War forever worrying about the efficacy of black-out, I find an almost childish pleasure in the dazzling illumination and the brightly lit, richly stocked shop-windows of the festive season. This Christmas, however, as I strolled amidst the well-dressed throng of Brussels and Vienna, watching passers-by laden with parcels, peering into stores crowded with customers, but above all savoring the gay lights that dispelled the early December darkness, I could never suppress the thought nagging at the back of my mind: How much longer?

An utter obliviousness to present realities informed the spirit wherever I went: Under the swaying palm-trees of beautiful Cyprus, where the Greeks still believe they will go back to the areas now firmly held by the Turks; in Brussels where—as in the Vienna of 1918—the situation is considered hopeless but not desperate; and in Vienna itself where the Austrians are trying to convince themselves their neutrality will save them from whatever cataclysm may engulf their neighbors.

Cyprus: The Scorpion and the Turtle

On a tree-lined avenue of Nicosia the thick walls of the Moorish-style building surrounded by delightful gardens spoke of a time long before air-conditioning had been invented. The punkah that monotonously whirred on the ceiling to cool the 80-degree heat of Nicosia's December was witness to the British legacy: The punkahs that once revolved from the countless ceilings between the Mediterranean and Hong Kong were as British as Yorkshire pudding. Young men impeccably dressed, except for the minatory bulge in their jackets, lounged by the various entrances while elderly messengers shuffled forever with cups of sweet Turkish coffee, this a legacy of three centuries of Turkish dominance.

The Greek-Cypriot cabinet minister, who, preparing for a vital international conference for which he was leaving that very evening, yet found time to spare an hour to a newsman from the Canadian Prairies, was remarkably realistic about his neighbors. He did not foresee an early end to the Lebanese tragedy—and the latest reports of sporadic fighting in Lebanon bear out the minister's accurate assessment. He was equally pessimistic about the prospects of an Arab-Israeli settlement, his views sharply at variance with the anodyne pap on the Middle East fed to the public by the departing President Ford.

But when it came to the future of Cyprus the minister's clear vision became clouded. He believed in a united Cyprus in which the Greeks would be allowed to move freely across the zonal boundary, a line that in Nicosia is as ugly and depressing as that which divides Berlin. It still lacks the vicious East German dogs, but my long experience of human folly leads me to believe that this is only a question of time. The minister argued that the central government of Archbishop Makarios must be sufficiently strong to hold the island state together. And when I hesitantly pointed out that such dreams were unlikely to be realized, the minister said he had to maintain "positive optimism." Otherwise he really could not be in the job.

The same illusions cloud the vision of the Canadians, who for 12 years have been supplying substantial forces in the futile attempt to "keep peace" on this peaceless island, once dedicated to Aphrodite, the goddess of love. It is depressing to watch these smartly turned-out soldiers, the best troops in NATO, wasted on ludicrous duties where they forever argue with the two sides about a new piece of concrete wall, a new platform on an Observation Post that makes the Turkish OP three feet higher than the opposite Greek post or vice versa. They plead, they cajole, they argue, and when they cannot persuade one or the other side, they file a grievance with the United Nations in New York. It would be funny if it were not for the backdrop of all those Soviet tanks and ground forces poised along the Central Front of Europe, where a well-trained Western company may mean the difference between those gay Christmas lights and a new devastation.

Meanwhile, the spirit of free enterprise that built our civilization, indeed the Greek spirit that had inspired Western thought processes, is as alive as ever. The truncated Greek part of the island is humming with activity. Hotels had been lost in the part seized by the Turks, but new hotels are rising in the Greek sector, and if the British tourists no longer come because they have become poor, perhaps the Scandinavians will come, or the Germans, or the French. This faith in economic future, in the ability to master all adversity whatever the odds, differs sharply from the Western refusal to protect the fruits of these labors, to defend the freedoms each of us cherishes. Indeed, it would seem as if we were two different civilizations, one full of ingenuity, the other dying on its feet.

The same paralysis of will that makes the British and the Dutch slash their defense budgets in the face of the biggest offensive build-up ever by the Soviet Union, obscures the vision of the Greeks and the Turks, both threatened by the self-same build-up, both refusing to forget their petty quarrels in the face of a far more deadly peril. The Turkish foreign minister who attended the NATO meeting in Brussels called a press conference to warn the Western public about the possibility that his government might effect a reversal of alliances and make friends with the Soviet bloc, as Helsinki encourages everyone to do. ("Helsinki" has ceased to be a geographical term and now covers a vast multitude of sins.)

The southern flank of NATO is thus in complete disarray. A senior naval officer in Brussels suggested we might have to "amputate" Cyprus to save the alliance in the Mediterranean. He "tilted" towards the Turks, and indeed all military estimates indicate that in a conflict the Turkish forces would go through the Greek lines like knife through butter. But why a conflict? Why not a settlement? It is the old Israeli story about the turtle and the scorpion all over again.

F.S. Manor is the senior editorial writer of the Winnipeg Free Press.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

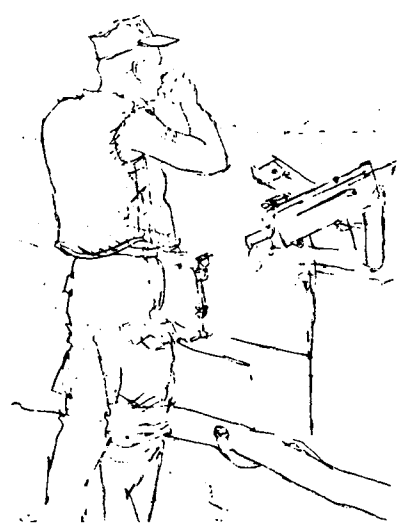
The scorpion asked the turtle to carry it across the Suez Canal. "No," the turtle refused, "you are too dangerous. You would sting me." "Don't be silly," the scorpion reassured the turtle. "You know I cannot swim and if I sting you we'll both drown." So the turtle carried the scorpion on its back and in the middle of the Canal it stung the turtle. "Why did you do it?" the turtle asked in agony. "Now we'll both die." "This," answered the dying scorpion, "is the Middle East." The Middle East of Beirut and Cairo, of Nicosia and Ankara.

Brussels: Pants at Half-Mast

In Brussels, as in Canada, the air-traffic controllers were on strike and our Boeing circled the airport for an hour, consuming precious fuel for which we give the Arabs our hard-earned substance plus our weapons that in due course they will use against the West. The Canadian air-traffic controllers had objected to the use of French in air traffic control, and one wondered whether the Brussels controllers objected to Flemish.

At NATO headquarters near the airport the pickets were out. The civilian personnel of the alliance was on strike, placards and all. I watched an Italian Communist reporter I know, the Brussels correspondent of *l'Unità* of Rome, together with her colleagues from *Pravda*, Tass, and—a new appearance this at the NATO meeting—a group of Bulgarian "accredited correspondents," interview the pickets and carefully copy in their notebooks the text of the slogans on the placards. The Bulgarians' cameras clicked and whirred—Warsaw Pact meetings were never like this.

It was a perfect reflection of the state of the alliance. The enemy is at the gates and the very heart of NATO is paralyzed by a quarrel over a cost-of-living bonus, with Communist correspondents on hand to report it all.



I have now attended the NATO ministerial meetings for more than a decade and I believe this was one of the gloomiest sessions I have ever witnessed. The ministers were given figures, shown pictures and graphs illustrating the massive gap between the forces of NATO and the Warsaw Pact. And at the end of the week they duly dispersed without taking any decision, having come to the comfortable conclusion that the Russians are not ten feet tall—as if even pygmy Russians could not race those tanks to the Channel and press buttons on all their wonder missiles. Back at home it is defense-budget-cutting-time as usual, something that is about as logical as cancelling, as an economy measure, a fire insurance policy while the neighbor's house is burning.

Western superiority in quality is going fast, if it has not already gone, substantially helped by Western exports of sophisticated technology and large cheap credits given to the Soviet Union, something everybody in Brussels deplored, but the British had hardly finished their deploring when they turned on the United States to castigate the Pentagon for interfering with an export contract that would greatly improve the performance of Soviet missiles.

NATO lacks ground forces, tanks, and planes; but, first and foremost, the alliance lacks time and space, two vital ingredients without which deterrence is an illusion. Once, it was thought, a political crisis would be accompanied by a Soviet build-up that could be observed by satellites and give NATO time to take counter-measures. But NATO no longer has such time, because the Soviet forces massed at the West German border are so fully integrated, equipped, and supported that they can advance immediately. And NATO lacks space because Western anti-tank weapons could not stop the overwhelming mass of Soviet tanks once they got moving.

The Russians have their entire infrastructure at the border and they can move any time without mobilizing reserves or bringing up reinforcements first. "They have it all already on the ground," I was told repeatedly, "and they are right at our throat."

"At present the danger is we shall be jumped at unprepared," a British general told me. "And a jump from peace to war would catch the alliance with pants half down."

Pants seemed to figure almost as much in the discussions as did the estimated height of the average Russian. A NATO defense minister mused on what may be happening. "We must consider that if they think we are soft enough," he said, "and they believe in their system, they may intend to use their new military capability. You cannot be sanguine about that." He then complained about the ministers sitting in closed meetings and being briefed while the public remains unaware of what is happening.

"You have to have public awareness of this to get the political support that is necessary to do the things that are essential," the minister said. So I asked him whether, as an experienced politician, he planned to enlighten the public. "If you mean that I shall go up and down the country scaring the pants off people, no I shall do nothing of the kind," he replied. Why not? In the present climate, manufactured by our all-powerful media, he would have "to sound like a redneck," he admitted ruefully. What he did not say was that this would end his political career.

The tragedy—or perhaps the criminal negligence—is that so many people are perfectly aware of what is going on, but are afraid to say so aloud, or if they say so are howled down by a chorus of media "persons" yapping in unison: "cold-warrior! warmonger!"

A French officer attached to NATO, one who obviously does not share the go-it-alone ideas of his political bosses, said the Soviet preponderance in tanks was "a frightening prospect." He dismissed as wishful thinking reports that the Soviet aircraft captured in Japan was second-rate. It was a fine aircraft, and the Russians are continuously improving their weapons on a scale the West cannot match.

Our "flexible response" strategy is yet another instance of wishful thinking. In Western liturgy, "graduated response" means that if the superior Soviet conventional forces overrun NATO defenses, NATO will reply with its little tactical nukes and go on to slightly bigger nukes and so on. The Soviets have never accepted this premise. They say the moment nuclear weapons are used, whatever their size, they will let go with everything in their arsenal. There is, moreover, a new facet to Soviet tactics: The Russians are now fully trained for chemical warfare.

In a recent exercise Soviet forces contaminated an area in East Germany with modern chemicals, then went through it simulating an attack on NATO's rear, and after a successful completion of the exercise decontaminated the region making it safe for occupation. The Soviet units were fully equipped and trained for chemical warfare. They must have been training somewhere beyond the Urals before bringing their new chemical toys to Germany to try them out on what would closely approximate the future battleground. But we must keep this quiet. No use scaring the pants off people.

We have detente. And SALT II. And the Mutual Balanced Force Reduction talks or MBFRs. (The 'B,' however, is silent and must never be pronounced.) The NATO defense ministers were told in Brussels by their military advisers that none of these talks will affect the military balance or lead to a change in the three-to-one Soviet superiority in conventional forces. But like the proverbial show, the talks must go on.

The new Canadian minister of external affairs, Don Jamieson, was typical of the "face-the-wall-my-darling" attitude that prevailed among the foreign ministers. (The defense ministers have more guts, but they wield less influence and have no money.) Mr. Jamieson waffled as much as his external affairs department

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

top advisers, who insisted that the Soviet preponderance was "perfectly manageable." These were Mr. Jamieson's enlightening comments: "If I have an overall impression from this meeting, it is that the Kissinger approach is the one that commends itself to me, because there is always in this kind of discussions the problem of assessing Soviet strength and saying the only alternative is to match it, in which case we would be in a horrendous arms race, whereas Mr. Kissinger was saying you have to couple a realistic appraisal with again renewed effort at disarmament and finding some kind of understanding that does not lead to a scandalous waste of resources."

Perfect, is it not? On the authority of the world's Number One Guru we don't have to do anything. All we need is another realistic appraisal and then let us offer the Russians yet another round of negotiations. The talks can go on while the Russians complete their build-up, if there is anything more to complete, that is. Meanwhile, we shall worry about indexed unemployment benefits and forget the "horrendous waste."

MBFR: Much Better for the Russians

To see how we are getting along with finding that "some kind of understanding" I flew to Vienna to learn more about MBFRs. At NATO the initials (interpreted by some as "much better for the Russians") still stand, but in the Russian language "balanced" is a four-letter word very much infra dig. A Western diplomat's wife, who sent a note to the Soviet ambassador thanking him for one of those parties with which the diplomats ease the tedium of their inaction, received the note back unopened. She had committed the unforgivable *faux pas* of addressing the note to "the Soviet ambassador to MBFRs"—and it was rejected like an impertinent diplomatic protest.

A few days after my arrival in Vienna, yet another round of talks was completed and the negotiations adjourned for the Christmas/Grandfather Frost holidays. We could have an agreement tomorrow, a diplomat told me, if we accepted the Soviet proposals. These are endearingly simple: An acknowledgement by NATO of permanent Soviet preponderance in Europe further tilted in Soviet favor by new drastic restrictions on West German forces; and a pledge by NATO not to enlarge the alliance, such as by bringing in Spain. Not a word in the Soviet proposals about NATO's demand that the Russians withdraw one army of 68,000 men and 17,000 tanks behind the Soviet border. This is not much to ask since "disparity in ground manpower in the area (i.e. Central Front) is somewhat larger than 150,000 men."

This estimate is taken from the communiqué issued by the Western allies on the occasion of the Christmas recess. There is another interesting sentence in the communiqué: "...it is apparent that the military significance of what the West is offering is at least as great as the military significance of what it is asking from the East." Note, not of what the East is offering: the East does not offer anything. Nonetheless, the communiqué ends on a brave note: "As regards prospect for progress in coming rounds, we are not pessimistic." The foreign ministers will be glad to hear it. They know that "we must develop a more realistic understanding of detente, and the task of public education falls on the Western governments themselves."

Before the Sack

I wound up my Vienna talks listening to Austrian politicians and officials, who after all are right in the middle of the row, desperately trying to keep out of it.

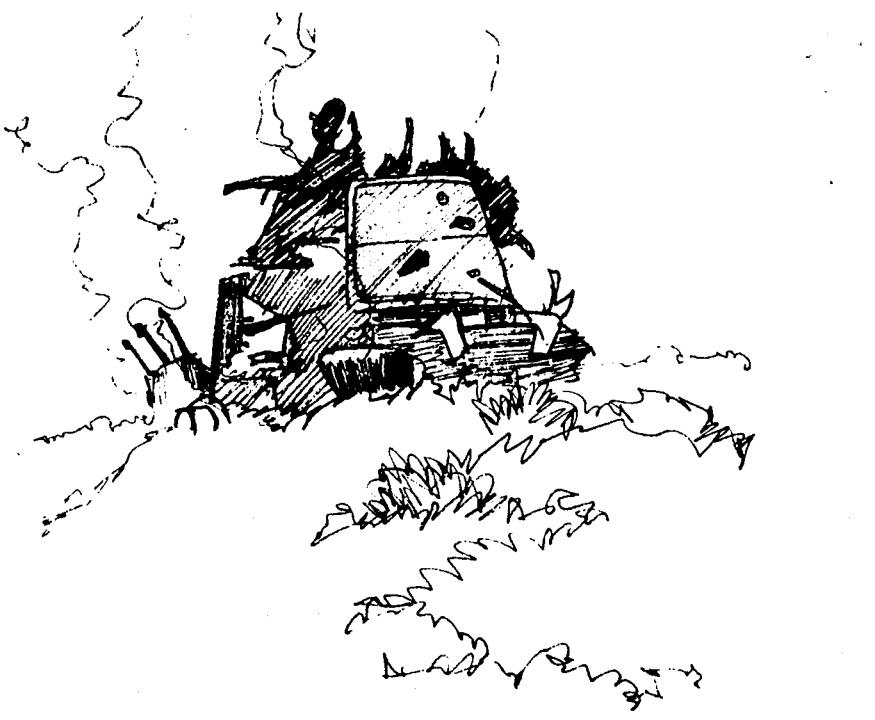
The Austrians still tell jokes. Which is the world's most neutral country? Czechoslovakia, of course. They don't interfere even in their own affairs.

Otherwise, the Austrians reminded me of that Greek-Cypriot minister. They were all eminently clear-sighted about the coming dangers, but they felt they had to maintain a "positive optimism." If things become really bad, a well-informed official told me—and he fully expected the East-West conflict to become much worse—Austria will have to abandon her present active role in international affairs and withdraw completely into her shell.

But will she be allowed to do so? An allied officer with much field experience demonstrated on his map how any Soviet advance into Yugoslavia would cut right across Austria.

I hasten to add that the officer was not an American. In fact, a very senior American officer shared the Austrian optimism and believed that (a) the Russians would stay out of post-Tito Yugoslavia whatever the temptation; and (b) that should they, contrary to expectations, succumb to temptation, they would scrupulously respect Austrian neutrality. The American was a naval man. Perhaps, in view of the growth of the Soviet naval might, he too has to maintain "positive optimism."

Yugoslavia, Eurocommunism, an enormous increase in Soviet weapons research expenditure, and five Soviet armies with reserves and back-up forces at our throat: This is the message for 1977. But in Europe the city lights were bright, the peoples' countenances happy, business brisk. It probably was the same in Rome just before Genseric sacked the city. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joseph P. Duggan

Some Things Considered

Does "public radio"—financed by the taxpayers—represent the citizenry's views?

"If they [National Public Radio] existed only for 'All Things Considered,' that would justify their existence," declared a former educational broadcaster who now teaches at a Midwestern state university. "If you just listened to 'All Things Considered' for an hour every day, you wouldn't have to read anything."

"Almost to the day they went on the air with 'All Things Considered,' they didn't know what they were going to do," continued the professor. "They were very exciting, very experimental. I remember one piece they did in those early days on animal overpopulation. The reporter went down to the animal shelter to be on hand when they put a dog to sleep. He explained what was about to take place and then turned the microphone over to the dog just before they gave him the injection. You could hear the dog breathing, and then there was silence. It was the most moving thing I've ever heard on radio."

"All Thing Considered," or ATC to initiates, is the 90-minute daily "newsmagazine" broadcast, produced and distributed by National Public Radio (NPR), America's only federally-funded radio network. Each night ATC presents a summary of the day's news, then a pastiche of "in-depth" stories "behind the headlines," off-beat features, and commentaries.

There is a decided pop-leftist tilt to ATC's coverage, and a tone that curiously blends countercultural cheekiness and liberal piety —both engendered, I believe, by ATC's heroic self-image as the noncommercial David armed with spunk and a prayer against a mighty detachment of commercial media Goliaths, Titans, and Cyclopes. "It's been a big week for dope fans," wisecracked co-host Bob Edwards one evening in December as he introduced a pair of reports on drug-related events—one covering the convention of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), where "gonzo journalist" Hunter Thompson sang dithyrambs to the weed and Jimmy Carter's aide Peter Bourne predicted its swift decriminalization; the other recording a judge's ruling in Boston that cocaine constitutes "an acceptable recreational drug." On the same broadcast, legal affairs correspondent Nina Totenberg began her report on the Supreme Court's decision against mandatory pregnancy pay with the shopworn feminist refrain: "Women lost another round with the Supreme Court today...."

When *New Times* and other media trendies whiffed a big-business conspiracy in the 1975 death of plutonium worker Karen Silkwood, ATC's Barbara Newman took after the story as a kind of Holy Grail, ardently filing dispatch after dispatch in her relentless but largely fruitless investigation. Robert Krulwich, NPR's news editor, caught the Woodstein bug in '74 when he took time off from law school to cover the Washington beat for New York's radical WBAI-FM and found himself cast in the spotlight of the impeachment hearings. He did a stint with the Washington bureau of *Rolling Stone* before finding his niche at NPR. And Susan Stamberg, the program's co-host, is styled by peers and self as a feminist champion, a lioness among men. When Barbara Walters became the first of the gentler sex to host a television network news broadcast, NPR served notification with full-page ads in the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*—at taxpayer expense—that Susan Stamberg had been the first female host for *any* network news program.

Since its inception in 1971, ATC has gained such coveted prizes as the DuPont-Columbia University Award for Excellence in Journalism (1975) and the Peabody Radio and Television Award (1972). In the citation for the latter award, ATC was praised for "a unique and analytical examination of the day's news and important issues through exhaustive investigative reporting."

An investigation of ATC's newsgathering techniques, however, reveals that much of its "investigative reporting" derives from interviews *not* with newsmaking sources—that is, the figures directly involved in the newsworthy event—but from beat reporters for other news agencies. When Jimmy Carter announces three cabinet appointments, for example, ATC's Susan Stamberg seeks an interview not with one of the appointees, not with a member of Congress or a spokesman for Carter, but instead with Thomas Ottenad, White House correspondent for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Or when defense policy makes the news, Stamberg may call upon *Washington Post* editorial writer Stephen Rosenfeld; or in domestic affairs, Harry Ellis of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Now while a dialogue with Mr. Ellis or Mr. Rosenfeld or Mr. Ottenad might indeed be informative, I should hardly call it "investigative reporting" on ATC's part. Moreover I would question the clubbish elitism of Washington-establishment reporter-as-reporter interviewing Washington-establishment reporter-as-authoritative-source-and-celebrity. Is there not an implication in this, after all, that the roles are interchangeable? And how can fact and opinion be distinguished when a Thomas Ottenad or a Harry Ellis straddles one foot on his newspaper's pedestal of objectivity and the other on the soapbox of the opinionated pundit-as-newsmaker?

Take another instance of ATC's approach to "investigative" coverage: When the Chilean government announced in November a mass amnesty for political prisoners, ATC delved behind the headlines not by inquiries to the Chilean government or spokesmen for Chilean dissidents, or, say, a recognized monitoring body such as Freedom House or Amnesty International. Instead Susan Stamberg placed a telephone call to the Santiago correspondent for United Press International. Or when senior members of Indira Gandhi's party broke ranks in early February, Stamberg got on the horn to UPI's man in New Delhi. Stamberg frequently carries on two-way dialogues with other UPI reporters—among them White House correspondent Helen Thomas—and the extent of Stamberg's investigative probing is usually to doubt the information related by a governmental or other "official" source and ask the reporter-interlocutor's opinion: "But what do you *really* think...?" Again, no doubt that UPI's correspondents are acute and well-informed observers. But should they risk their agency's hard-earned reputation for "utter impartiality" by submitting to a line of questioning that mixes fact and opinion? And would these

---

Joseph P. Duggan, born in 1955, is assistant managing editor of The Alternative.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same correspondents render similar services to outlets other than NPR?*

For much of its foreign coverage, NPR relies on the British Broadcasting Company, with which it holds a contract for wide-ranging news services. For reports from the United Nations, NPR employs Pauline Frederick, veteran of many years at the UN for NBC, and Olive Remington Goldman, a former American representative to the UN. And for coverage of events across the United States, NPR draws heavily on the news bureaus of its member stations.

Noncommercial broadcasting stations are forbidden by law to air editorials expressing the opinions of a station's owners or managers, but they are permitted to broadcast the opinions of outside commentators. Another provision of the law requires noncommercial stations to seek out a balance in the commentaries they carry. "All Things Considered" features fourteen regular commentators, each with a different area of special interest. Prominent among them are Nicholas Johnson, media commentator, a former member of the Federal Communications Commission and present head of the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, an anti-commercial broadcasting lobby; Morton Halperin, foreign affairs analyst, the former assistant to Henry Kissinger who now devotes most of his time to railing against American intelligence activities (Halperin gained attention recently by winning a damage suit against Richard Nixon and others because of wiretaps placed on his telephone); and Robert Lipsyte, sports commentator, former sportswriter for the *New York Times*, now an outspoken foe of competitive athletics who writes for such radical-left publications as *Mother Jones*. Other regular commentators have included a folk singer, a natural foods buff, an historian, a "consumer activist," and a "conservative"—someone named Bob Roberts from Seattle; but just this February, perhaps in reaction to suggestions of left-wing bias, ATC has added former Conservative-Republican Senaor James Buckley of New York to its list of regular commentators. ATC's commentators receive $50 per appearance. ATC also invites its listeners to express their opinions, and some do—via a weekly "listener commentary" spot.

Besides "All Things Considered," NPR offers a number of other informational programs, including morning and midday news reports, live coverage of major Congressional hearings, broadcasts of addresses before the National Press Club, and a series of documentaries and interviews called "Options." Each week the network carries highlights of folk music festivals, programs of recorded jazz and ragtime, and a large package of live and recorded classical performances. British comedy, which won so many devotees in the Public Broadcasting Service's telecasts of "Monty Python," also makes its appearance amid NPR's cultural programs. And a small, wheezing fellow named Charles Christopher Mark presents a daily "Report on the Arts," the pattern for which is that the state of the arts is thriving in Case X (or languishing, as it may happen, in the instance of Y), but in any case would be much better if boosted by greater government subsidy.

Recent cultural "specials" on NPR have shown a penchant for the avant-garde. Over the New Year's weekend, for instance, NPR devoted two hours to an original musical composition by Max Neuhaus called "Radio Net." The music consisted of human whistling, phoned in by listeners and blended simultaneously by Neuhaus' electronic equipment. "Radio Net" cost taxpayers $11,800—$9,000 from NPR and $2,800 from the National Endowment for the Arts. In late January, NPR sent a five-man crew for two weeks to Lagos, Nigeria, to report daily on "Festac '77," the Second World Black and African Festival of Arts and Culture. The price tag for this project was estimated at $25,000.

Noncommercial radio has developed in fits and starts over the years as its sturdy commercial sister has prospered. And were it not for a legislative afterthought, a national, government-supported radio network might never have come to be.

Since the early days of broadcasting, the Federal Radio Commission and its successor, the Federal Communications Commission, had been persuaded to reserve a percentage of radio frequencies for noncommercial, "educational" purposes. Most noncommercial stations to arise were modest, low-wattage operations sponsored by colleges or school boards as broadcasting "labs" or by religious bodies for devotional and homiletic programming. Television then burst into prominence, arousing the enthusiasm of the rising educational/planning elite, to the neglect of radio. Educational TV stations were opened, on university campuses and in major cities, with strong support from the Ford Foundation and its philanthropic brethren. By 1967 a Carnegie Commission report was to prompt the drafting of legislation that would establish a "Corporation for Public Television," a nominally private entity, to be funded mostly by Congressional appropriations, to aid local noncommercial television stations in distribution of programs and with direct financial support. It was not until the hearings before the Senate Commerce Committee on S.1160, the "Public Television Act of 1967," that a witness for an educational broadcasters association convinced the legislators to include radio within the scope of the bill and thus establish the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB).

Although CPB is chartered as a private, nonprofit corporation, its directors are nominated by the President and confirmed by the United States Senate. Eighty-six percent of CPB's revenue comes from direct appropriation by Congress and the remainder from tax-deductible contributions by foundations and large corporations. Grants from the Ford Foundation, Atlantic Richfield, and Exxon accounted for nearly 80 percent of CPB's non-federal income in fiscal 1975.

Discovering an already existing field of nearly 700 noncommercial radio licensees—including many 10-watt high school and college stations—administrators at CPB established minimum criteria for individual stations' eligibility for federal support. According to present standards, a CPB-qualified station must employ a full-time licensed staff of at least five, broadcast at least 18 hours each day, and have a transmission power of no less than 250 watts. Stations operated under religious auspices and including religious programming may qualify for CPB support, but not if their "program schedule [is] designed to further the principles of a particular religious philosophy"; stations primarily engaged with in-school or in-house instructional programming are disqualified.

*When I asked UPI's editor-in-chief, H.L. Stevenson, of his agency's arrangement with NPR, he reported that NPR, under contract with UPI, pays for wire service and packaged audio reports. By a special contract clause NPR is entitled to interview UPI correspondents over telephone, at no extra charge from UPI, for amplified coverage of events reported on the wire (sometimes NPR pays honoraria to the individual reporters, but not to UPI). Stevenson acknowledged that this concession to NPR is "unique" and that other UPI clients would be required to pay extra fees to the agency for such services. Stevenson admitted that such telephone interviews were not subject to editing by UPI supervisors, and he acknowledged that his office had received complaints charging bias in Miss Stamberg's conversation with UPI's Santiago correspondent. When I asked how UPI arrived at its rates for NPR (wire services measure rates for commercial broadcasting stations by scientifically gathered audience ratings, but public radio has conducted no comparably accurate audience surveys), Stevenson replied, "That's a good question." He added that UPI's special arrangement with NPR would come under review when its contract expired.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CPB awards direct financial support to qualified stations at a ratio of one federal dollar to every two-and-a-half a station can raise from other sources. For the most part, these sources are other levels of government. According to figures published by CPB for fiscal 1974, the public radio system's total income was $31,232,226. Of that amount 54.6 percent was provided by state and local government (including state schools), and 27.4 percent by the federal government, for a total of 82 percent from all government sources. Only 6.1 percent of public radio's income came from listener-subscribers.

To provide additional assistance to noncommercial stations, CPB in 1969 established—and continues to finance—National Public Radio, which produces and distributes programs for member stations from its headquarters in Washington, D.C.; qualifications for membership in NPR are the same as those for eligibility for grants from CPB. In a public-relations manifesto, NPR sets forth its goals thus: "...to contribute to people's better understanding of themselves, their fellow human beings, and the world about them, to heighten understanding and the quality of human life; to contribute to solving problems; and to provide enlightenment by bringing listeners the sounds, ideas, and the hopes of humanity." As a gesture in service to the brotherhood of man, NPR now provides programs free of charge to more than 200 member stations; the network bears all expenses for production and distribution, including the costly fees for transmissions over AT&T Long Lines.

From NPR's highfalutin rhetoric, the network's programming would seem to be a cerebral sort of Operation Bootstrap aimed at improving the intellectual lot of the average American. But as far as can be determined, the network draws mostly an elite, already-enlightened audience. Though NPR member stations can be found in the top five major radio market areas, their greatest preponderance seems to be in Midwestern college towns—this because noncommercial stations developed early and often strongly as classroom "radio labs" at the land-grant colleges. The promotional literature from NPR and CPB points proudly to the growing number of people public radio *can reach*. But when pressed, spokesmen for both organizations confess that they have no real idea of how many people *actually listen* to public radio. Scientific listener surveys are for determining commercial stations' rate schedules, they say, and besides, they're too expensive.

NPR does not provide enough programs to fill a broadcast day, and on the average no more than 25 percent of a station's programming originates with the network. Programs of recorded music usually originate from the local stations, and some stations carry the Texaco-Metropolitan Opera broadcasts and the Chicago and Cleveland symphony orchestra concerts live by private subscription. Still other musical programs are provided free for promotional purposes by the state broadcasting authorities of foreign governments, including the RAI of Italy and the Japanese and South African networks.

Not all noncommercial radio stations qualify for NPR membership, of course, and some that do choose not to belong, preferring to carry only their own programming. Many of these style themselves "community stations" or "community access stations" and are self-consciously mavericks in broadcasting. Community radio began in the late '40s when a left-wing journalist named Lewis Hill established the Pacifica Foundation and its godchild, KPFA-FM, in Berkeley, California. Pacifica now also operates stations in Los Angeles, New York, Houston, and Washington, D.C. Pacifica's licensees have been known for their close indentification with radical causes, especially the antiwar movement of the '60s, and over the years they have ducked in and out of the FCC's doghouse for alleged violations of standards of "decent" language. Community stations cannot depend for their support on institutional bases such as universities and school boards, but they welcome direct federal support when offered. Among the Pacifica group, for instance, the stations in Berkeley, Los Angeles, Houston (a maverick within Pacifica's own fold, for this station actually *is* an NPR member), and New York received nearly $140,000 from CPB in grants for "general operating purposes" and for "providing training internships."

The chief priest of "community access" radio is Lorenzo Milam. Crowned with wild and curly hair, Milam wears a necktie and a button-down collar—only he invariably leaves the collar unbuttoned and flapped up to embrace the higher reaches of his neck. A large man, he moves with great agility though hobbled by leg braces. Since the early '60s, Milam has travelled the country establishing "community access" stations, setting up their studios in ramshackle houses, giving them eccentric call letters such as KRAB, KBOO, KCHU, KTAO, and KDNA. The latter station, now defunct, was operated in St. Louis by the "Double Helix Corporation," which in turn was owned by an entity called "The Parent Corporation." Milam is also associated with something called the Jack Straw Memorial Foundation, and there is a new broadcasting organization in Tampa, Florida—the Nathan B. Stubblefield Foundation—whose name suggests the Milam touch. Lorenzo Milam's "community access" microphones are indeed accessible—literally to the bloke who walks in unannounced off the street. During a sojourn in Dallas I often visited KCHU and saw first-hand the good-natured—though often chaotic—ease and openness with which the studio operated.

Do community stations serve communities? Well, yes, certain communities—usually those in dowdy, once-fashionable parts of town, fringed by ghettos, peopled by burned-out, balding '60s Aquarians. Community stations don't serve ethnic neighborhoods unless they happen to be certifiably down-trodden and politically chic. Chicanos have their share of community stations; Poles and Italians don't.

Public monies levied in taxes from a democratic people now support a national radio network and a looser aggregation of stations in the name of "public broadcasting." But how representative of that democratic people is this "public" radio? The programs of the "establishment" network, National Public Radio, waft in on breezes from Academe. They offer fine selections of classical music—certainly an admirable repertoire, but hardly the stuff of populism. Politically they are as left-wing as they can be while yet remaining bland; their culture, by and large, is that of the intellectualoid, or as a disgruntled former NPR official put it, "the raised-pinky set." "Community" radio stations are operated by energetic, well-meaning folks and are marked by a refreshing *vers libre* on the air; yet much of that air time is huffed away with amateurish drivel—and with a political slant confessedly left-liberal to radical. Furthermore the political majorities of America are represented on public radio as the most miniscule minorities—if they are represented at all.

This is public radio—the knock-kneed, headstrong *Wunderkind* of the high-minds at the big foundations and in the Capitol (and sibling to the hefty public television system, whose story will be told another day); this is public radio—unruly ward of the taxpayers. Will anyone take hold of the brat? Will its legally-appointed guardians, the directors of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and the members of Congress? That I doubt, unless the citizenry give them a prod. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anne Crutcher

Mother to the Sixties: Anais Nin Remembered

If she wasn't talking surrealism with Salvador Dali in the Virginia hunt country, she was comparing LSD experiences with Aldous Huxley.

By the time she died a few weeks ago, Anais Nin had been in the literary mainstream for 10 years—a name to collect an audience on campuses; a good seller in paperback; something of an icon to women's groups. The publication of the first volume of her diaries in 1966 rescued her from mere coterie celebrity, which she had enjoyed for a good quarter century before that, and raised the possibility that her bejeweled prose might speak to people other than the Beautifuls of Bohemia.

Indeed, to Everywoman.

She was not, herself, Everywoman in having much of the average and ordinary in her life. *Au contraire*. But, clearly, when, in her 60s, she began to be widely known, she was a persona whose time had come.

Her *curriculum vitae* tells some of the reasons, although not all. The background was one to bring out that forties word, "glamorous." Born in Paris, the daughter of a Spanish composer and a singer of French-Danish descent, she oscillated between romantic riches and romantic poverty in New York after her parents separated when she was a child. Her writing began in the form of letters to her father, designed to lure him back to the family.

In her teens, she was an artist's model and a dancer. She married Ian Hugo, a film-maker, when she was 20, went to live in an ancient house in Louveciennes, outside Paris, had a stillborn baby, wrote a book on D.H. Lawrence, and drifted into the constellation of artists, writers, slumming aristocrats, and expatriate connoisseurs of *la vie Bohème* that made Paris what it was in the twenties and thirties.

She knew everybody. Particularly, she knew Henry Miller, with whom she was to exchange ideas about life, love, and literature, in person and by letter, for some 40 years.

She was psychoanalyzed, trained to be a psychoanalyst herself under Freud's deviating disciple, Otto Rank, and actually treated patients in New York for several months. After that, her life moved back and forth between France and those parts of the United States where the medley of beaux-arts-chic types who were her friends and lovers congregated. That, and writing about them in novels, short stories, and the diaries she kept for more than 40 years.

Some of Anais Nin's fiction was printed privately and some by commercial publishers. While it attracted adulation in her circle, the stir it made outside was so variable that, as late as the fifties, she had moments of considering herself a failure. There were periods when a large part of her earnings came from pornographic sketches she wrote for a private collector of erotica. ("Fine," he kept saying, "but cut the poetry and get to the action.")

Nevertheless, time was on her side. The sixties—spiritually a decade that went on into the early seventies, as the 19th century was, in historical and cultural time, really 1814 to 1914—were the era of open marriage, the sensuous woman, the liberated woman, astrology, occultism, the rediscovery of intuition, drugs, Greenwich Village bohemianism for a whole generation of young people. And Anais Nin had done it all.

Furthermore, she had done the *Rolling Stone* things with *Harper's Bazaar* people. If she wasn't talking surrealism with Salvador Dali in the Virginia hunt country, she was comparing LSD experiences with Aldous Huxley in California. Anais Nin was a Cosmo Girl with class.

She could analyze, down to the last nuance, the relative merits of making love in a Venetian gondola and on a pile of blankets in a Greenwich Village artist's loft. She could convey the jazz beat of Harlem nightclubs in the thirties. Her recollections included having a homosexual friend tell her she must be reincarnated as a boy so he could have an affair with her. Her description of Theodore Dreiser telling her, in the course of an unsuccessful seduction ploy, that her hands were like celery stalks, lingers in memory.

That she could bring out all this, and much, much more, with a verbal flair that seemed to imply depths of insight and erudition enhanced the gloss. So did her personal picturesqueness. Anais Nin was sinuously slender, with a delicate, mask-like face and a wardrobe partaking of both *haute couture* and the *marché aux puces*. She had the ineffable cool of a trilingual woman whose good looks magnified people's regard for her brains while her brains were magnifying the impact of her looks.

Not that she was, or tried to present herself as, entirely happy and secure. The loss of her father from the family in her childhood was the incurable psychic wound that set off her lifelong effort to comprehend human emotion. It gave her unique vulnerabilities to the possibility of rejection, often realized in hauntingly metaphoric ways.

There was, for example, the time she was going with friends to a party which was to be given in her honor. A snowstorm made Anais and her friends late, and, when they arrived, they could see through the windows all the assembled guests having a good time without them. A feeling of desolate exclusion swept over her...

There were other episodes, too, in which girlhood sufferings over her father sensitized her to a compassionate awareness of other people's feelings. The actor, Canada Lee, who gave so electrifying a performance in the stage version of Richard Wright's *Native Son*, was showing an interest in her at a party to the clear discomfiture of a semi-official girlfriend. Anais disengaged herself, noting in her diary that memories of her mother's distress over her father's infidelities kept her from ever making another woman jealous.

As with all the other themes and situations she used, Anais Nin's relations with her father come out in both fiction and the diaries—the chief novel, in this case, is *Winter of Artifice*. Her literary method is a curious one, weaving back and forth from not-quite-fact to not-quite-fiction, according to whether she's writing a diary entry, a novel, or a short story.

She has a single heroine for her creations: Sabina, Lillian, Djuna, Anais. Whatever name she answers to at the moment, she's very, very attractive to men, an accomplished artist, a dashing cosmopolite, and, above all, an angel-sibyl-mother figure whose true vocation is to understand and heal others. As Max

---

Anne Crutcher is an editorial writer for the Washington Star.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beerbohm said of some great lady of the stage, she never stoops to impersonation.

In this role, whether she's playing it as the Anais of the stories or the Anais of the diaries, she projects a humorless ego the size of Norman Mailer's. It is probably at its most grandiose in the section of the diaries dealing with her psychoanalytic period.

She confides to the diary that her selflessness frightens her. "This is what working in analysis has done to me. Living so much for others gives me a fear of becoming a saint..."

It was the spring of 1935, and she was seeing six to eight patients a day, sent to her by Dr. Rank. The diary suggests that her cure rate was 100 percent. "I rebuilt shattered lives, resuscitated, led, taught. I handed out the key to the room where lovers met, consoled the deserted ones, restored faith, aroused the intellect, opened new worlds. Ecstasy. I gave the key to it too, and I feel it now because my lame ducks are dancing."

As she tells it, blocked writers become creative, the frigid warm up, the compulsive get so they can take it or leave it alone.

"I am playing the mother to all of them, sewing together the fragments of the worlds they want, mending their tattered dreams, sewing together their shattered souls..."

It can be a strain, though. "Only you, my diary, know that it is here I show my fears, weaknesses, my complaints, my disillusions. I feel I cannot be weak outside because others depend on me..."

However, for all the pretense of candor, this is by no means a tell-all diary. It is, in fact, a facade for narcissistic contemplation. The introspections alternate with inventories of compliments received, and the introspections themselves tend to be merely the kind of self-praise even the unself-conscious know they'd better not say out loud.

"If all of us acted in unison as I act individually there would be no wars and no poverty," observes the reluctant saint. "I have made myself personally responsible for the fate of every human being who has come my way."

Sometimes the results of this outsized benevolence included situations that less reverent interpreters of Anais Nin than Anais Nin might have described in terms of playing sucker to the parasitism of some pretty crazy people.

There was, for example, a Latin American named, in real life, Gonzalo, and in *The Four-Chambered Heart*, Rango. He was married to either Helba or Zora, depending on whether you're reading the diaries or the novel, but he was really in love with a lady who lived on a houseboat in the Seine.

Love in the Arabian bed in the houseboat was idyllic. At least, whenever he remembered he said he'd be there. Many, many times, he was detained at the café where he spent most of his time, drinking. He liked heroin, too. And, even when he wasn't drunk, bombed, or busy elsewhere, there was furniture-smashing jealousy to complicate things. He came for sure only when he needed money or services for his wife, which the lady of the houseboat invariably gave.

When the lady of the houseboat was Anais Nin, psychoanalyst extraordinaire, the preternatural insights did not suggest therapeutic alternatives to giving Gonzalo and Helba whatever they asked for. She pitied his weakness, and, when he tried to pull his life together by becoming a revolutionary, she listened respectfully to the nitwit Marxism that emerged from the sculptured lips.

To her credit, she did not go along with it, intellectually anyway. Gonzalo-Rango's inability to remember what time it was kept him from being much of a revolutionary outside café talk, but Anais continued to be a soft touch, at least until there was an explosive end to the affair. He did something that, although the candors of the diary don't go so far as to include details, was identified as brutal and sordid.

To be sure, many a fine woman has made a fool of herself over a no-good man, many a fine writer has had a big ego, and many a psychoanalyst has been imperfect in self-interpretation. And Anais Nin's conceit did enable her to express the unabashedly feminine consciousness she is now famous for.

Male intellect and force didn't frighten her or betray her into the groveling paranoias of today's feminists. She simply went her way, courting dream, symbol, intuition, and physical sensation as avenues to wisdom. Her unhappy experience of maternity gave rise to a poignant story, *Birth*, and in no way darkened her appreciation of how central a woman's fecundity is to her perceptions of the world and her powers in it, no matter how many brains she has.

Similarly, her self-confidence was such that she was always pleasingly free of bitchiness toward other women; indeed, inclined to be particularly appreciative of their qualities. Speaking of a sculptor's "essentially feminine attitude toward her materials," Anais Nin says, "She never imposed her own will over the image tentatively begun by nature. She discovered and completed the image so that it became visible and clear. She assisted the birth of chaotic masses into recognizable forms. She watched, mused, observed, to allow the potential in the stone to reveal its hidden qualities, color, texture, bulk, half-born animal or man...what came through was not some abstraction torn away from its basic roots, its textures, its organic growth but something her tender, maternal organic hands allowed to grow organically without losing its connection with the earth or the sea. It is necessary to stress this because at this time critics favored pure abstractions and advised her to impose her will on difficult materials. Her work, I believe is the opposite of an act of will. It is an act of creativity which remains rooted in nature, more like an act of giving birth."

This is something to be grateful for. So is good sense on drugs. Anais Nin irritated Huxley by saying what he got out of LSD was better the way an artist gets it. Drugs, she called "...a solitary vice, a passive dream, which alienates the dreamer from the whole world, isolates him, ultimately destroys him. It is like masturbation."

One is also grateful for many images of wonderful communicative power, such as the one of a demoralized woman seeing another woman walking beside her, wearing the same kind of black cloak, but walking with strength and confidence. "...and then she vanished. The mirror had come to an end."

We are all in debt, too, for her part in civilizing Henry Miller and making his prose the marvel of controlled vitality it is. He seems not to have done as much for her, giving her, instead, merely the uncritical adoration rogue males sometimes feel for such mentors as Anais Nin was to him.

Meanwhile, more of Anais Nin's work than one would wish consists of empty stylishness tied in with posturing pseudo-introspection: "Did I recover this Anais once lost among the symbolic trees and swamps of Max Ernst, the skeletal trees of Tanguey, the trees of Utrillo, Suzanne Valodon, Matisse, Rousseau?"

There's also a lot of philosophical poetastering worthy of Khalil Gibran. "I have depicted the malady of today's soul. I have entered the dream with a powerful beam of light, to interpret, reveal its influence on our life to focus on its influence and the interdependence of fantasy and reality. I am writing with a sensitivity which our modern world is intent on destroying not knowing that this is the only antenna we have to our psychic nature."

Sometimes the fancy turgidities are downright embarrassing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The fireworks were mounted on wire bodies waving amorous arms, tiptoeing on the purple tongues of the Holy Ghost, leaping out of captivity, Mercury's wings of orange on pointed torches hurled like javelins into space spearing through the clouds, the purple vulvas of the night."

The besequinned verbiage can out-Durrell Laurence Durrell and reach confession-magazine levels. "His singing was offered to her in this cup of his mouth and she drank it intently, without spilling a drop of this incantation of desire...his eyes thrust into her very being...he had made of her body a bush of roses of Sharon, exfoliating pollen, each prepared for delight."

Colette would never do that, and neither would Virginia Woolf. One is tempted to say, as one Peter deVries character said of another, "Down deep, she's shallow." □

John Chamberlain

The Hillsdale Affair

A little college in Michigan is fighting one of HEW's most preposterous abuses of authority.

The biggies are never much help. It took Henry Ford II twenty-five years to discover that the Ford Foundation, set up by his grandfather in 1936, was more often than not anti-business. The heads of big universities tumble over each other to attract federal funds —and, some ten years after the "affirmative" acceptance of poorly qualified minority students has become part of the campus way of life, President Kingman Brewster of Yale is pained when the federal quid pro quo for medical school grants turns out to be a requirement that transfers from foreign schools be accepted without questions about academic competence.

The biggies in business put up with the most flagrant idiocies of Ralph Nader. When OSHA agents invade properties without search warrants and slap on fines without a semblance of willingness to accept court procedure, the large corporations say nothing. The President of Harvard, Derek Bok, is positively slavish in his obeisance to HEW's snoopers.

So our system, which once really exalted voluntarism, defers to the bureaucrats who come bearing manacles. But the biggies, fortunately, don't happen to be everybody. Bill Barlow, a small-time electrical contractor and plumber in Pocatello, Idaho, invoked the Fourth Amendment guarantee against warrantless searches, and, after an agonizing wait of six months, a three-man court justified his refusal to let OSHA inspectors conduct a fishing expedition in his back shop. And in education George Roche, the President of little Hillsdale College in Hillsdale, Michigan (1,010 students), informed Mr. Martin Gerry, the Acting Director of HEW's Office for Civil Rights, that his school has no intention of kowtowing to Washington by submitting an Affirmative Action program for HEW approval.

In picking on Hillsdale College, the Health, Education and Welfare bureaucrats are really reaching for it. Hillsdale happens to be one of a small number of colleges that have refused, out of philosophical conviction, to take federal money. (Others in this group include Rockford, Wabash, and Pepperdine among the "littles," and Utah's Brigham Young University whose 25,000 students can count on financial support from the Church of Latter Day Saints.) Since George Roche has been absolutely scrupulous about rejecting even the most innocent-sounding governmental aid, HEW had to go all around Robin Hood's barn to make it appear that Hillsdale was "subject to the requirements of Title IX of the Education Amendments of 1972 and other civil rights statutes." The bureaucrats did this by claiming that veterans' benefits and other government-supported grants or loans to students who happened to choose Hillsdale made the college a "recipient institution" subject to federal control.

Hillsdale's position is that it would be unfairly discriminating if the college were to refuse a veteran who has GI money coming to him as a matter of right. Hillsdale isn't responsible for the laws that entitle individuals as citizens to government help. It has no business coming between the individual and his government. A family getting food stamps doesn't make the grocery store in which the stamps are used a "recipient institution." Nor does a man buying gasoline with money received from a welfare check mean that the service station is necessarily compelled to hire a Hindu gas pumper or a Chicano secretary to make it "affirmatively" acceptable to Washington. The fact is that practically everybody in America is forced to take government money indirectly. We are all "recipient institutions" whether we want to be or not. That is one thing that is wrong with our country.

HEW, at the moment of writing, hasn't tried to close in on Hillsdale College for the kill. Maybe the bureaucracy is waiting to see how the Carter Administration will react to the ridiculous claim that when an individual spends a federal benefit, it automatically makes the secondary recipient of the cash a ward of the government.

But in any event, Hillsdale and HEW have been playing a cat-and-mouse game ever since, in November of 1975, the college found itself reclassified as a "recipient of federal funds." President Roche's first assumption, as explained to HEW Secretary David Mathews, was that it was all the "result of a bureaucratic oversight." HEW waited four months before reasserting its claims. President Roche replied promptly that he had "not felt it appropriate for the college to judge the sources of student funding, since those sources should be primarily a concern of the individual involved." If, so Dr. Roche said, the "expansions of federal authority under Title IX are now to use such individual funding as a means of assaulting the independence of Hillsdale College as a whole, we reserve the right to re-evaluate the programs involved."

After a second lapse of four months, HEW tried to be "helpful in explaining" its own tortuous reasoning for assuming jurisdiction over Hillsdale's hiring practices, particularly as they affected women. Admitting the ambiguity of the law, it said that "one of the unmistakable purposes of these student aid programs is to make educational opportunities readily available by supporting the financial stability of educational institutions....For

John Chamberlain, author of The Enterprising Americans *and many other books, writes a regular column for the King Features Syndicate.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most institutions, if not all, the necessary impact of reductions in Federal student aid programs would be reduced financial resources. Thus, it is proper to characterize those institutions as 'receiving Federal financial assistance' in the direct and immediate sense of that term." HEW's assumption was that "presently assisted students" would not, in the absence of federal programs, be replaced by "other, self-sufficient students."

There are plenty of answers to the sophistical reasoning of HEW as regards Hillsdale. In the first place, the college had never asked for support. In the second place, it was not at all apparent that the college could not reach its 1,010 enrollment capacity without accepting the beneficiaries of government grants, loans, and veterans' benefits. Only a hundred of the present student body now depend on federal assistance. If the government were to deprive the hundred affected students of aid (which, incidentally, might be a violation of the equal protection clause of the Constitution) because of Hillsdale's refusal to accept HEW as its overlord, the students might be able to get scholarship support elsewhere. HEW's imputation that Hillsdale necessarily depends on Washington is wholly unwarranted.

What makes the whole HEW-Hillsdale imbroglio doubly ironic is that the college has had its own "affirmative action" program from the very beginnings of its existence as a Free Will Baptist college back in 1844. Blacks and women have always been present on campus. The first President, Daniel Graham, was part of the anti-slavery movement and, from his pulpit, condemned "African slavery as a national sin and a curse." Livonia Benedict, of the college's first graduating class, was Michigan's first woman Bachelor of Arts. And when a lieutenant from the South tried to exclude a black student from the Hillsdale Students Army Training Corps in World War I times, a stern instruction went out from President Joseph Mauck's office to "follow the usual practice of the institution regarding the acceptance of colored students."

One of HEW's demands is that President George Roche must now come through with an Affirmative Action plan for hiring women. It so happens that, without HEW prodding, Hillsdale already employs 122 women to 103 men. The fact that the faculty consists of fifty-one men and seventeen women has no discriminatory connotations. Women Ph.D.'s are still comparatively unavailable when a small college is looking to enlarge its faculty. President Roche could easily have come up with a satisfactory Affirmative Action blueprint, but he has refused to do so because it would acknowledge an acceptance of federal control that neither he nor his board of trustees is willing to agree to in principle.

Not too many years ago George Roche wrote a brilliant essay on the social effects of extending centralized State power. He quoted Shakespeare: "Then everything includes itself in power,/ Power into will, will into appetite;/ And appetite, an universal wolf.../ Must make perforce a universal prey,/ And last eat up himself."

HEW officials are not used to dealing with people of gumption. Nor with people who will throw Shakespeare at them. In the case of George Roche, they had caught a most unusual Tartar, a college President who, in 1974, had written a cannily considered attack on the whole idea of applying "affirmative" action to educational institutions. Called *The Balancing Act: Quota Hiring in Higher Education*," George Roche's book showed how the imposition of minority "goals" in student and faculty recruitment led definitely to quotas, which, in effect, sanctioned reverse discrimination. Since the U.S. Constitution guarantees equal treatment of people as individuals under the law, a government enforcement of "affirmative" practices favoring special groups meant that the State itself was breaking its own basic charter.

Dr. Roche noted the pusillanimities of some of his educational colleagues, and the ironical reflections of others. Columbia President William McGill, acquiescing to HEW's snoopers, remarked that "no one likes to be in the position of negotiating for his survival with Uncle Sam sitting at the other end of the table. Our instincts in such circumstances were to promise almost anything in order to get the government off Columbia's back." So it was naturally left for Elie Abel, dean of the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, to complain that he couldn't give an "in-house" promotion to any of his faculty members without first combing the country for a Chicano-Polish woman with a degree in copy editing or a black ex-city editor just to prove "compliance" with Affirmative Action requirements.

Dr. Roche played up the ludicrous and the horrible about "quoals" (quota-goals) and "gotas" (goal-quotas) with dead-pan impartiality. Mr. Raphael Riverson, of the Westchester County Federation of Italian American Organizations, seriously announced to the New York State Human Rights Division that, since the population of Westchester is 40 to 50 percent Italian, the new State University College at Purchase, N.Y., should be compelled to hire qualified Italians up to "forty percent of its supervisory, teaching and administrative staff." Brooklyn College, in direct violation of New York State law, twice asked its faculty to fill out detailed questionnaires dealing with their ethnic and racial backgrounds. President Robben Fleming of the University of Michigan, with government money riding on his decision, caved in to demands for a ten percent black enrollment (a "quoal" or a "gota" or just a plain quota?).

Nothing like it had been seen in the world since the Nazis had promulgated the Nuremberg laws. The students at Michigan State University were not to be hornswoggled. Replying to a racial and ethnic questionnaire submitted for use in the local university computer, 150 students listed themselves as American Indians, others described themselves as "50th Generation Hun," or "Texan," or "Super Jew." And the aforementioned President Fleming of the University of Michigan agreed to engage female professors for 139 out of the next 148 vacancies on the faculty. A joke? Who knows? But 139 white male teachers, if they had superior credentials, might be suing the University of Michigan for reverse dis-

SECTARIAN BITTERNESS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crimination from now to doomsday if the Fleming promise holds.

Nobody can prove motivation, but it is a tenable assumption that somebody in HEW may have been stung by George Roche's delightful sarcasms, and so swore a mighty oath to get Hillsdale College even if it involved fracturing not only the Constitution of the United States but also Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. The "quoal," defined by Professor Paul Seabury of the University of California as "a slow-moving quota-goal," and the "gota" (a "supple, fast-moving goal-quota"), have yet to achieve a lexicographer's blessing.

If HEW is indeed singling out George Roche for punishment for having indulged in the crime of wit, one can predict the ultimate Affirmative Action plan that will be inflicted on Hillsdale if the new HEW director, Mr. Califano, happens to be vindictive. Following Pierre van den Berghe's formula for a "proper sociological caucus," Hillsdale will be compelled to hire two blacks (one man, one woman), one Chicano, (or Chicana in alternate choice), one person to be Amerindian, Asian, or Eskimo, and sixteen white Anglos. Of the Anglos, eight will necessarily be women, fourteen will be heterosexual, and two homosexual (one a lesbian), one Jewish, ten Protestant, and four Roman Catholic, and one either a Buddhist, a Mormon, or a Muslim. Eight will be juvenile, four mature, and four senile; two will be intelligent, ten mediocre, and four stupid.

There are other reasons than offended *amour propre* for HEW, as a defender of the faith in Big Government, to try to crush little Hillsdale under Goliath's heel. It so happens that Hillsdale is the repository of the late Ludwig von Mises' personal library of some 5,000 volumes. Dr. Mises proved fifty-odd years ago that socialism, in practice, would founder because, without a free market, it would never be able to solve its pricing problem. A dictatorship dedicated to "planning" would have no data on which to plan. So far the Moscow Communists have been able to price their wheat, steel, and vodka by noting the exchange rates that will result in practical cross-border trade. But when the whole world is Communist, the dictators will choke on strawberries while the proletariat scratches in the black market for potatoes.

Since Mises' logic is irrefutable, socialists of all breeds have hated him as Christians hate the Anti-Christ. So, if Hillsdale is devoted to perpetuating Mises' voluntarist philosophy, Hillsdale must go.

George Roche's Board of Trustees, unlike other boards we could mention, has passed an astounding miracle. When HEW came snooping, it resolved "that Hillsdale College will hold to its traditional philosophy of equal opportunity without discrimination by reason of race, religion or sex, but such non-discrimination will be voluntary, thus preserving equality with dignity and encouraging friendship based on recognition of equal worth and mutual respect." And, to give President Roche the sinews of war necessary to send HEW packing, the trustees authorized raising a Freedom Fund of $29,000,000, dividends from which could be used to provide a scholarship for any poor student who happened to be deprived of a federal grant or loan because of his criminal choice of Hillsdale as a prospective Alma Mater. Says George Roche, there shal be no Alma Martyrs as long as the Hillsdale trustees remain in fighting—and money-raising—trim. □

John Nollson

The Sorrow, the Pity, the Injustice of Justice

A preview of Marcel Offals' next film.

"Ah, Marcel, I knew we could leave it to you. What a sense of the moral dilemmas of the age! But to produce, direct, edit, and reduce to a mere four and a quarter hours a new film about the release of Abu Daoud, this, Marcel, is your greatest triumph! It raises cinéma verité to new heights, new heights, Marcel!"

"Well, mon ami, what did you expect? I am a genius after all. Yes, as soon as I read of the release of the eminent Palestinian, I immediately saw the filmed interviews unfolding before me—with Giscard, Rabin, and Arafat, with the Pope, Billy Carter, and Clay Felker. But that is beside the point. I want you to look at the film of these interviews, for I need your opinions on further editing. These films of mine, you know how the exhibitors complain about the length, about the turnaround time, about the declining sales of popcorn, and all that."

"A rare honor you have given me, Marcel."

"So, you can begin with my interview of the arresting officer."

ARRESTING OFFICER: You know, of course, that metropolitan France has been overrun with Arabs of every description—from the Maghreb, from the Levant, from everywhere. Naturally, it wasn't easy to recognize Daoud in the crowd. Not easy at all.

OFFALS: Yes.

ARRESTING OFFICER: But then I remembered something about the way Palestinians seem to be in need of a shave.

OFFALS: Yes?

ARRESTING OFFICER: So I walked up to him and said, "vous êtes Daoud!"

OFFALS: And he said?

ARRESTING OFFICER: He was very upset. He said that he was a personal friend of Kim Il Sung, his personal supplier he called him. He said his arrest was an outrage. "There's no jail in France big enough to hold me," he said menacingly.

OFFALS: He was right of course.

ARRESTING OFFICER: But of course!

OFFALS: So you are resigned.

ARRESTING OFFICER: But of course. Naturally, I expected that we would shoot him then and there, and that the only controversy would be where to bury him, and that the government—in order to restore friendly relations with our Arab friends—would finally agree to bury him in the Invalides, next to Napoleon.

OFFALS: So you are disappointed?

ARRESTING OFFICER: I am not paid to make political decisions, monsieur. They wish to bury a Bedouin in the Invalides, that is of course their business, the business of the politicians and the diplomats. It's simply not my business.

OFFALS: You are morally equidistant?

ARRESTING OFFICER: Frankly, mon ami, these Semites are nothing but a

John Nollson is visiting professor of dialectics at l'Institut des Hautes Etudes Cinématographiques in Paris.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

source of trouble—Dreyfus, Daoud, what's the difference? Now, tell me, is this going to be part of a film?

OFFALS: Absolutely.

ARRESTING OFFICER: Well then I take back what I said about Dreyfus. You see, I have many friends who are Jewish.

OFFALS: Some of my best friends too. Well, thank you for your help.

ARRESTING OFFICER: My pleasure.

"Ah, Marcel, a brilliant vignette. It captures the essence of contemporary moral equidistance and quasi-dimensionality!"

"Do you think so? Here, look at the film of the interview with the President of the Republic."

OFFALS: You are aware of the controversy, Monsieur le President, no doubt.

GISCARD: There is no controversy, Monsieur le Director. There are only degrees of misunderstanding an unfamiliarity with the underlying clarity.

OFFALS: There is certainly equidistance here, moral equidistance.

GISCARD: France is always true to her just and humane tradition. It is not merely that there is equidistance. More important, there is equipoise, unambiguous equipoise.

OFFALS: It is said that you released Daoud just to get cheap oil from the Arabs.

GISCARD: France would not betray her history merely to gain cheap oil.

OFFALS: We would not insist that the oil be cheap?

GISCARD: Certainly not. France does not quibble over the price of oil. Over the supply of oil, perhaps. Over the price of oil, never. It is undignified for a nuclear power with its own *force de frappe* to quibble over the price of oil. Even you left-wing film directors will admit as much.

OFFALS: We neither admit or deny nor affirm nor reject, Monsieur le President. We do nothing but raise a lens to the reality of life, and you who are in the arena, so to speak, do the rest.

GISCARD: And what if we had turned Daoud over to the Israelis or the Germans? What then? A media circus, a telecommunications hippodrome. Philosophers would flock to the trial. *Daoud in Jerusalem*, can you visualize it? My wife raised this exact point. She said it would be tasteless. France, true to her tradition, can do nothing to promote bad taste.

OFFALS: It would certainly be wrong to export it.

GISCARD: If not wrong, at least equidistant. Now, let me once again return to this point concerning controversy. I want to repeat that, as far as France is concerned, there can be no controversy, for the direction of our policy has always been clear. We wish to preserve our freedom of action, for if you do not act, the freedom to act becomes but a concept not an actuality, an ideal not an instantiation. And this, of course, is wholly unacceptable. Indeed, it cannot be otherwise. My wife made precisely this point last evening at dinner. It is, as I say, a question of unambiguous equipoise.

OFFALS: Yet, this is being likened to the Dreyfus affair.

GISCARD: Any comparison between our treatment of Jews on the one hand and Muslims on the other is bound to be superficial. Besides, we have a historic responsibility for the protection of Catholic communities in the Arab world. And did we not fulfill that responsibility in Lebanon? So what is the comparison?

OFFALS: Thank you for your time, Monsieur le President.

GISCARD: Always a pleasure, Marcel, always a pleasure.

"Another brilliant vignette, Marcel, truly brilliant. To sustain such cinematic intensity for more than four hours, Mon Dieu, what an achievement."

"My friend, you do me too much honor. I myself do not create the intensity, I merely film it. Now, there's one other I want you to see this morning. We filmed the fellow who would have been the German prosecutor had Daoud been extradited to Bavaria."

"Beautiful symmetry, Marcel, beautiful symmetry."

PROSECUTOR: I apologize for the poor quality of my French.

OFFALS: We can always use subtitles. You were the one who sought the extradition of Daoud?

PROSECUTOR: Seek? Nein, Non. You see, that lies within the purview of the foreign ministry, not the justice ministry. Besides, I work for a *state* government so that has nothing to do with me. Here, you look at this handbook of organization of the Bundesrepublik government, and also the regulations that accompany it. You see these regulations? Nein, nein, it would have been quite impossible.

OFFALS: But the prosecution would have been vigorous if he had been put on trial.

PROSECUTOR: Absolutely. The prosecution would have been thorough and meticulous. You can depend on it.

OFFALS: Yet there is talk that there would have been plea bargaining, that Daoud would have been allowed to plead guilty to a lesser charge—negligent manslaughter, perhaps.

PROSECUTOR: There are always these rumors. You cannot give credence to rumors. There would have been no plea bargaining. This is not France. We are not under the thumb of the Arabs. We have a favorable balance of trade and a strong currency. Moreover, we have always been on the side of the Jews since the end of the war, everyone knows this. It's just like you left-wing film directors to stir up trouble where none exists.

OFFALS: You deny that you are relieved that you will not have to proceed with the trial?

PROSECUTOR: Both our countries have been members of the European Common Market for almost twenty years, so I can be absolutely honest with you. It is only jurisprudence that is involved here, not politics. Only the principles of *Staatsgerichtigkeitwissenshaft* can be applied here, as our oath requires. Now, in most countries, the important thing about the trial is whether you are guilty or innocent. But here in Germany, it's not so simple. Any simpleton can make up a law, but it requires true ingenuity to commit a wholly new crime, one not yet encompassed in the law precisely because it has yet to be imagined! Hence, we wished to prosecute Daoud to discover whether he was guilty of something we hadn't thought of. Do you see what I mean?

OFFALS: No, I don't. Your reasoning is entirely too teutonic and metaphysical.

PROSECUTOR: Absolutely! The metaphysics of criminality is still, for us Germans, an endearing subject, a subject tinged with sentiment and nostalgia. Let's face it; we are no longer the world power we once were. These days, when it comes to crime, we can't even compete with these low-grade Arabian amateurs. I do not mean to belittle Mr. Daoud but, in his work, I see no coherent theme, no underlying vision, no organizational innovation, and certainly no efficiency. Hmm, yes, well. Anyway, you already know this. Your excellent films exhibit a profound understanding of this very point. Perhaps we should change the subject.

OFFALS: We could always return to what the President of the Republic had to say about equipoise?

PROSECUTOR: Indeed; one cannot quarrel with a great scholar.

"Magnificent, Marcel, and how fitting that we conclude our morning's viewing with a word of praise for our President!" □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William F. Gavin

Jimmy Carter's Rite of Passage

It was an ominous Inauguration Week: the city lay frozen, shades of Joe McCarthy stirred, and the new President remained a mystery to the pundits.

In January, bitter cold and Jimmy Carter—in that order—came to Washington. Washington commuters, who break down and cry when it rains, screeched and bumped their way along the area's ice-slick roads and bridges in a frenzy of despair and anger. The cold weather hit most of the nation, but only in Washington was it seen as a personal affront. In a city used to moderate winters, God's meteorological eccentricities are not appreciated.

For Theodore C. Sorensen, corporate lawyer, former Presidential aide, and the only self-proclaimed pacifist ever nominated to be head of his country's intelligence agency, the weather must have seemed positively balmy in comparison to the reception he received before the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. For reasons still not clear, Jimmy Carter thought Sorensen would be a good choice to head the Central Intelligence Agency. Members of the Committee thought otherwise. Before Sorensen was to appear, they let it be known that a former conscientious objector and Kennedy *apparatchik* who left the White House in 1964 with seven boxes of classified documents just might not be the man to inspire confidence, both in the nation and among allies, as CIA chief.

I have never met Sorensen but his public appearances make me believe he missed his calling. The icy stare, the prim, tight line of the mouth, the quiet voice always under control, the grim facial expression that says someone, somewhere is boring him and had better stop—surely these would have made Sorensen a top character actor specializing in sinister roles. I can see him portraying one of those cultured SS officers we used to see in films made during World War II: "I myself prefer Goethe and Shakespeare. But I am forced to work with Gestapo barbarians. We have ways—*unpleasant ways*—of making you talk..."

Columnist Mary McGrory, no enemy of Sorensen, described him as "stiff-necked and wintry." This is a properly lady-like way of saying that he is viewed by many in Washington as unendurably arrogant, not to mention highly partisan. The questions that had been raised about his qualifications, taken one by one, need not have ruined his chances for confirmation. But placed in the context of his history as a Camelot commando, and given his incurable case of stiff-neck, these questions doomed Sorensen. Both he and Carter found this out too late to avoid embarrassment. Sorensen appeared before the Committee, read a speech in which he neither apologized nor explained, and then said he was quitting.

The *New York Times* wept, gnashed its teeth, poured ashes over its head and, amidst sobs, said Sorensen deserved "full, personal vindication." It was left to Senator George McGovern to provide the most original excuse for Sorensen's failure. "The ghost of Joe McCarthy stalks the land," said McGovern. This led one Congressional aide to suggest that Sorensen's chances might have been better if Carter had provided him with an exorcist. In any event, perhaps the time has come for the formation of the "Ad Hoc Committee to Grant Amnesty to Joe McCarthy's Ghost," a poor shade regularly blamed for calamities which devout liberals cannot explain by natural means.

Sorensen himself said he felt as if he had been "blind-sided by a truck." But his humiliating failure to be confirmed recalls what Péguy once wrote: when a man dies he does not die of a disease—he dies of his whole life. Could it be that Sorensen forgot —or Carter never knew—that Washington is a place of long memories as well as long knives? The defeat came to Carter only three days before the Inauguration, and Carterologists in the press and in Congress wondered if this was an isolated goof or a sign of things to come.

But not even the Sorensen fiasco could spoil Jimmy's big day. The weather cooperated and the big crowds poured in. The night before the Inauguration, traffic in the city was tied up even more than usual because of thousands of Inuagural visitors' cars blocking roadways or otherwise illegally parked, either out of desperation or calculation. This sort of thing enrages the resident bureaucrats, but Inauguration Day serves to remind them every four years that Washington doesn't belong to them anyway.

Carter's walk along Pennsylvania Avenue was very popular. Visitors who jammed the halls and committee meeting rooms and Congressional offices in the House and Senate Office Buildings talked about the walk much more than they did about Carter's speech, which was delivered in that curious, halting Carter style, with pauses in unlikely places giving the eerie impression that he is always speaking over a faulty public address system that conks out every few seconds.

So, Jimmy Carter is President and as this is written the deep-thinkers in the press have written their Sunday-after-Inauguration think pieces telling us the meaning of it all. I do not know the meaning of it all. Carter remains my leading candidate for "Strangest American Political Figure of the Century." I leave to psycho-historians and other adepts of the occult arts the difficulties of plumbing the psychic depths of the man who boasts he read *War and Peace* at age twelve. Whatever strange fish swim in the Carter stream of consciousness, he will be faced with a number of difficult situations, none of which he can deal with without getting hurt. He has promised a balanced budget before his Administration is over, a reduction of the unemployment rate to three percent, "simplification" of welfare laws, a reduction of from five to seven billion dollars in the defense budget, creation of a Department of Education...the list goes on and on. No one believes any of this, of course, except the groups to whom promises were made and they will believe nothing else.

So, he will be bombarded with requests from liberals who want cuts in defense spending and more money for the arts, left-wing activists who, when they hear the word "gun," reach for their culture. He will also have the enmity of the conservatives and the watch-and-wait, cautious enmity of members of his own party who lost to him in the primaries and who now suffer from peanuts envy.

But perhaps too much is being made about both his "mysterious" quality and the problems he will inevitably face.

William F. Gavin is currently an aide to Rep. Robert Michel of Illinois.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Presidents are neither born nor made; they create themselves as they go on. If this be existentialism, Carter (who no doubt read Sartre at age four) will surely make the most of it. Whatever else he may be, he's not shy or unambitious. In six months or so we'll forget we ever saw Carter as mysterious. But what will we know then that we don't know now? A few things: Carter will have been savaged by the media, betrayed by one-time political allies, tested by the Russians, and challenged by Congress. One morning he will awake and discover he cannot remember how it was, standing there in the winter light, looking out at the multitudes awaiting his inaugural speech. He will desperately try to recapture that moment. But four major decisions will have to be made by noon. So he will go downstairs to work. And on that day, whenever it comes —and it will come—we will learn all we ever have to know about Jimmy Carter. □

THE NATION'S PULSE
by
Peter J. Rusthoven

Jerry Ford

On January 20 of this year, James Earl Carter, Jr., repeated the oath adopted some 190 years ago by the Constitutional Convention and took office as the Nation's 39th Chief Executive. Mr. Carter's inauguration was, on any fair appraisal, far from the most inspiring ever witnessed on these shores. Indeed, to judge from all the fluttering in the press, the day's most noteworthy feature was the new President's decision to walk, not ride, in his inaugural parade—a situation which led William Safire to comment, in the *New York Times*, that if Carter's major accomplishment of the day was being a pedestrian, his address certainly partook of that quality as well. But be that as it may, the Carter inaugural also displayed another quality which, no matter how often remarked, remains among the most significant aspects of our constitutional republic —namely, the orderly, dignified, and peaceful transfer of executive authority. And it is to Mr. Carter's credit that his first statement as President was a gracious nod of thanks to the man who, less than two and one-half years ago, assumed office at a time when order, dignity, and peacefulness were less associated with the White House than at any time in memory.

It is already difficult to remember how troubled and disturbed the Nation seemed in August of 1974, when Gerald Ford became President. To be sure, no one has forgotten the Watergate affair, or the first resignation of an American President. But for most of us, I suspect, it requires a conscious effort to recall in full detail these events of so very recent history. The daily, painful trauma of more than a year's duration—with its unending series of fresh accusations and revelations, of acrimonious exchanges between an aggressive and often less-than-fair press and a defensive and often less-than-honest President—all this has faded, in large measure, from the national consciousness.

That it has done so in such a relatively short period of time is no small tribute to the efforts of Gerald Ford. Without seeking the office, and with little time to prepare for its responsibilities, Ford nevertheless approached his duties with courage, integrity, and no little degree of ability. He did not possess the so-called "charisma" of a John Kennedy, a dubious qualification that fawning political commentators had extolled until they sounded like a collection of stringers for movie magazines. Nor was his the backroom manuevering and horse-trading savvy of a Lyndon Johnson, whose skill in these areas was so admired for a time by media amateurs who fancied themselves experts in *realpolitik*. Instead, Ford, more than any President since Harry Truman, brought to the Oval Office a deep regard for those simple and basic values on which our civilization and our constitutional republic depend—values such as honesty and decency, self-discipline and individual responsibility, respect for others and for one's self, and all those other attributes which collectively constitute character. In the conduct both of affairs of state and of his own life, Ford daily demonstrated that regard; and it is not too much to say that conduct of that sort was precisely and preeminently what the nation needed.

Mr. Ford, to be sure, warrants his share of credit in more specific areas as well. The pardon of his predecessor was a courageous, compassionate, and far-sighted act —and will, I believe, be so viewed by the conventional wisdom of a future and, one hopes, less strident era. His program for Vietnam draft evaders and resisters likewise displayed compassion; and unlike the plan pronounced by his successor, justly required those who refused to serve to earn their readmission to the privileges of full citizenship. Persistent vetoes of the sillier legislative offerings of the most adolescent Congress in our history have undoubtedly spared us much future hassle and grief. Ford's responses to Angola and to the Mayaguez affair were the responses one hopes will always be forthcoming from an American President—but were particularly gratifying in this time when so many attempt to use Vietnam as an argument for a posture of perpetual impotence. And some of his appointments—such as Daniel Moynihan at the United Nations—stand unsurpassed.

There are, of course, blemishes on the Ford record. Our interests were, from almost any perspective, little advanced by the Helsinki agreement. Given a choice between retaining Henry Kissinger at State and James Schlesinger at Defense, I believe that a different conclusion was called for. One cannot help but be staggered by the federal deficits of recent

---

Peter J. Rusthoven is a practicing attorney in Indianapolis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fiscal years, and wonder if more could not have been done to thwart the blank-check artists on Capitol Hill. Nor, from a purely partisan perspective, can one refrain from speculating that a more effective campaign than Mr. Ford's would have retained the White House for his party.

But whatever the final historical judgment on Gerald Ford may be in these and other areas, I believe it is enough for the present that we note our gratitude to him for restoring a measure of peace and quiet to our land, a measure of calm to our public affairs, and a full measure of dignity and respect to our highest office. We have witnessed yet again the smooth workings of our constitutional order. For that, Mr. Ford deserves our thanks and our best wishes as he assumes the venerable and honored role of a respected former President and elder statesman. Considering the events of the last decade, that in itself is an accomplishment: Mr. Carter may consider himself fortunate if, when the time comes, he does as well. □

Herbert W. Stupp

Moving the Mails: The Tortoise Express

Neither snow nor rain nor gloom of night shall stay these couriers from their appointed rounds. But consider bureaucratic indolence.

"Do you know the way to San Jose?"* was Dionne Warwick's dulcet question back in the summer of 1968. But if her question were directed in 1977 to the United States Postal Service—even its *San Jose* office—the answer would have to be no.

Such, in sum, is the plight of California clothing retailer Mel Solomon. Mr. Solomon's shop, Sportique, depends on a mailing list that is regularly serviced to attract about 85% of its business. In handling third-class flyers announcing an annual summer sale, the Postal Service delivered between 8,000 and 10,000 of Mel's mailers too late or not at all. Plotting out prior performances of Sportique's summer sales, Mr. Solomon determined that the bungled postal delivery had lost him well over $20,000 in profits.

Mr. Solomon's first impulse was to sue the Postal Service for damages, but he was barred from so doing by the provisions for sovereign immunity of the government in the Federal Code. So Mr. Solomon decided on another course of action—bringing suit against the *individuals* he ascertained as responsible for his loss. His attorney, Roger Marzulla, posits that there is no legal impediment to prosecuting individual postal workers for damages arising from their action or inaction. Indeed, there are at least fifteen precedents in American and British law whereby postmasters were held liable for heedless supervision. Most of these cases were brought in the 19th century.

U.S. District Judge Robert Schnocke, upon hearing Marzulla's argument in court, ruled that individuals employed by the federal government did not have unlimited immunity from suit while executing "non-discretionary" duties of their

employment. The case was then transferred to a Judge Harris for trial.

The trial itself was Hollywood stuff. If Messrs. Solomon and Marzulla had staged auditions for the consummate federal bureaucrat to cast as defendant (read: "heavy") for maximum benefit in their crusade, they would have been hard pressed to improve on William Lawrence, the San Jose postmaster and one of nine original defendants in the suit. Mr. Lawrence's arrogance quotient is high, even considering his chosen field. When asked by the Judge why no "delayed mail report" was filed, or why he didn't attempt to isolate the employees responsible for the negligence, Mr. Lawrence replied: "Because, well, employees, your Honor, when it gets down to 'did you,' are not about to admit that they knew that 2,000 pieces were buried under something. So when you ask them, they will deny they were there." The Judge laughed. And asked what his normal procedure would be, were Mr. Solomon to call and complain about tardy delivery of his mailing, Mr. Lawrence countered with: "If Mr. Solomon called me and complained about such a thing, I would tell him, 'I do not believe you.' Then, I will look into it."

Clever cross-examination by Roger Marzulla enabled the plaintiff to focus his legal attack, after trial evidence pointed toward the negligence being insulated within the San Jose Main Post Office. In his final argument, Marzulla exculpated seven of the defendants of any negligence, leaving the San Jose postmaster and assistant postmaster, William Lawrence and Wilmer Bennett, as the sole respondents to the suit.

After four days, the trial concluded. The Court concurred with virtually *all* of Solomon's legal contentions—that he had lost $20,000 to $30,000, that the San Jose post office had failed to deliver promptly some 8,000 pieces (and failed altogether to deliver 2,000)—but nevertheless ruled that postal employees were immune from legal liability. The Judge ruled that individuals who are employed by the Postal Service are part of its organic whole, and are hence not liable to litigation incurred by their work habits, unless negligence can be linked directly to them. When I asked William Lawrence for comment on the decision, he told me smugly, "The Federal judge's ruling is rather complete."

But Solomon and Marzulla remain undaunted. They have filed an appeal in the Ninth District of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, and they intend to carry their legal action as far as their resources and jurisprudence will allow them. An organization based in Washington, the Citizens Legal Defense Fund, has begun to aid the appeal,* and has provided $2,000 thus far. Solomon has spent $7,000 of his own funds on the suit. A spokesman for the

---

Herbert W. Stupp is an editorial writer for WOR radio and television in New York.

*"Do You Know the Way to San Jose?" Written by Hal David and Burt Bacharach. Blue Seas Music, Inc. and Jack Music, publishers. Copyright 1968.

*Donations specified for the Mel Solomon suit are being funneled through the Citizens Legal Defense Fund, 2121 P Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLDF, Len Theberge, stressed that the Solomon case had "very significant implications" which could "...hold public employees to the same degree of liability as private employees."

It appears that the Solomon case could indeed set a precedent extending liability for federal employees in executing or neglecting their duties. Even the potential of such a weighty legal occurrence ought to qualify Mr. Solomon's case for occasional attention from the networks and the great national newspapers. But after scattered reports around the country, the case has been neglected.

The tribulations of the long-suffering Mel Solomon are exceptional, but not entirely unique. My own mail consciousness has been raised by two particular attempts to communicate with me via the Postal Service. One letter took a year to reach me in New York, having been mailed in Washington. Another, along with a check, took six months from Ithaca, New York. This sort of experience has won countless converts to the Eleventh Commandment of doing business in New York, "The check is in the mail," without which the town might collapse.

The sheer cost of postage has stampeded people into circumventing the federal mails. The Narragansett Electric Company of Providence, Rhode Island, for example, initiated hand delivery of bills to about a quarter of its 250,000 subscribers. The messengers are Narragansett employees who would have been laid off, but for this ingenuity.

Since 1971, when the independent Postal Service was duly constituted, first-class rates have escalated from 6 cents to 13 cents per ounce. Currently, the organization wolfs down a lump sum appropriation of $1.6 billion, and President Carter is expected to make good on a campaign pledge to make the Postmaster General's post a political appointment once again.

And yet there are developments to cheer the hearts of those who long to see the federal monopoly over the mails felled. J. Edward Day, who was U.S. Postmaster General in the early 1960s, has filed a suit on behalf of the Association of Third Class Mail Users challenging the constitutionality of the Postal Service's monopoly of third-class mail. "We want to have available to us the alternative of using private carriers," he unashamedly told an interviewer in October. Which goes to prove that given time, even a former Postmaster General can become as wise as Solomon. □

THE TALKIES

by

Philip Terzian

Rocky

Why is boxing the habitual allegory of third-rate minds? It has occupied them from Budd Schulberg through Norman Mailer, and of course has been a staple of the movies from James Cagney to Marlon Brando to the current practitioner of the art, Sylvester Stallone, a flashy newcomer from whom I hope not to hear much in the future. Its symbolism is painfully obvious: if you wish to speak knowingly of the "ultimate game," an enterprise that sees two men hitting one another for money surely fills the bill. And for that contrived pathos that so frequently passes for film drama, fistic images have proved usually irresistible. Most boxers are poor boys suddenly thrust into the limelight, surrounded by leeches and torn by conflicting emotions and allegiances. Boxing as an institution is populated by lively stereotypes—gangsters, street-wise hangers-on, philosophical trainers with the scars of defeat in their craggy faces, loyal girl friends, cynical sports reporters. A script begins to take shape just by listing the ingredients, and Hollywood (or, in the case of *Rocky*, Philadelphia) has been like a moth hovering around a flame. Alas, Sylvester Stallone drew too close.

The plot is scarcely worth recounting, inasmuch as the movie has been made several times before, and any veteran of a boxing saga will know from the opening minute what will transpire. Rocky is an aimless South Philadelphia mug, the "Italian Stallion," who through a series of tortured coincidences find himself in the ring with a Muhammad Ali-type, fighting for the heavyweight title. He loses, but not until going the distance, a notable achievement, and proving to everyone, but most important to himself, that he really is somebody, that not only he *coulda* been a contender, but in fact was. This is capped by a freeze-framed ringside hug from his girl friend: "I love you, Rocky." "I love you." Fade out.

If the succession of events seems familiar, and the moral reminiscent, that is because it is, but it has not been seen in the theatres for some years, and a new generation of moviegoers needs to be reminded that in this most evanescent art form there are a few bedrock verities. What is discouraging is that, while there is a limit to the dramatic uses of boxing, most of them have never been explored. Worse, the same images recur, the same stories, the same characters, in many instances the same lines and scenes. It is true that success is often assured by presentation of the familiar, but the boxing rut is going a bit too far. There should be an embargo on *Rocky*-like productions until a new twist has been concocted.

And new twists there could be. I think occasionally of the paintings of George Bellows, where through the smoky haze the faces of the spectators are often as grotesque as the contorted pulps of the boxers. *The Harder They Fall* (novel by Budd Schulberg, movie with Humphrey

---

Philip Terzian is on the staff of the New Republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bogart) examined, in its superficial way, the other side of the ropes—the business enterprise, the dealing in flesh, the corruption—but opted as usual for the confused, victimized pug as the center of the action. I say, let us have no more cauliflower ears.

The real interest in *Rocky* lies off the set. Sylvester Stallone wrote the story and was determined to play the lead. In so doing he ran afoul of the studio moguls, if such there be today, and was obliged to produce the film himself on a modest, indeed impoverished, budget. Such independence of mind is admirable in principle, but compromise in this case might have been the wiser route. Judging from the credits, Stallone seems also to have written some of the songs, filled in as script girl, hired his brother-in-law to hold the lights, and built some of the sets with his own hammer and nails. *Rocky* is a good example of how delicate is the task of producing a play on a bare stage. If corners are to be cut it is probably best to be brazen about it, because in trying to look expensive the meager resources inevitably look cheap. It is painful to watch, and soon the examples are distractingly apparent and abundant.

Scenes are protracted, for example, and usually needlessly. The camera work is awkward. Dialogue drags, and incidental encounters are mercilessly stretched into soliloquies with lingering shots of facial expressions. The Rocky-and-his-girl-friend subplot is beaten to death, and thrown in gratuitously at awkward moments, fatally interrupting what action there is. (Furthermore, it is completely unbelievable. Rocky is a clod, and it is a continual mystery how a good-looking, sharp-dressing, grammatical dame like that could bear to be in the same room with him.) There is one particularly tortuous scene of Rocky in training, filmed silently, running through the park, exercising, sweating, practicing punches and racing through a railroad siding to the accompaniment of an un-synchronized rock masterpiece, all interminable, all unbearable.

As for Sylvester Stallone, it is tempting to crib Dorothy Parker's remark about Katherine Hepburn, namely that he runs the gamut of emotions from A to B. Stallone has one facial expression, dull-eyed with his mouth open, and seems convinced that an aura of silent strength is best conveyed by appearing to be under the influence of depressants. He employs a vaudeville Brooklyn accent to represent a native of Philadelphia. He is convinced, obviously, that he has wrought a cinematic *tour de force*, defying convention, with a bleary eye to the Academy Awards and future triumphs. Well, all that may come to pass, and given the sense of the times, probably will. Star quality, after all, is an elusive and indefinable gift, and comes from the most unlikely sources. Stallone is as good a candidate as any, and seems destined to succeed anyway; he recently told a magazine interviewer that he believes in reincarnation. "I think I was guillotined during the French Revolution," he said. "When I see a movie about a person being guillotined, I have the strangest feeling I know what it was like." I know what he means. I recently burned my hand fixing a carburetor and felt like one of the Oxford martyrs. □

BOOK REVIEW

The First Amendment and the Future of American Democracy
Walter Berns / Basic Books / $12.50

Jeremy Rabkin

In the late 1930s, the Supreme Court largely abandoned its traditional defense of property rights and also gave up its long struggle to maintain a balance in the federal system by keeping Congress within the bounds of the interstate commerce clause. In the decades since, the Court has instead become increasingly vigilant in its defense of noneconomic liberties or, as they are sometimes called, "human rights—presumably to distinguish them from those rights tainted by the inhuman institution of property. First Amendment case law, almost entirely the work of twentieth-century Courts, plainly reflects the new emphasis: almost in proportion as it has come to defer to legislative judgment in the economic sphere, the Court has interpreted the prohibitions on governmental activity implied in the First Amendment more expansively and enforced them more intransigently.

This pattern has been widely applauded, though it finds no clear support in the text of the Consititution. Those who defend it often observe that government has no comparable justification to interfere with free expression as it does with the free market: workers, farmers, stockholders, consumers—all of us would be exposed to needless injury if governmental power were still limited by traditional constitutional doctrines, but no one, it is argued, can really be hurt by forcing the government to keep hands off religion or "free expression." Yet there is, after all, a certain underlying continuity between these broadly divergent approaches, a practical connection made most explicit in the populist rhetoric of a First Amendment "absolutist" like the late Justice Black. Both approaches, in a sense, relieve the Court of the burden of judgment. As it is easier to leave the "reasonableness" of economic regulatory schemes to the presumed wisdom of the legislatures (or the safeguarding of federalism to the presumed prudence of Congress), so it is easier to bar all state intrusion on free speech—or state aids to religion—than to judge in each case the actual constitutional propriety of the challenged measure.

Walter Berns has been a thoughtful critic of the Court's work for more than two decades now, and central to all his criticism has been his insistence that the Court cannot, in the end, evade its burden of judgment. Or at least, it cannot do so without danger to the country. Most emphatically is this true in First Amendment adjudication, he argues, because restrictions on governmental activity in this area are, in the last analysis, quite far from being inconsequential. Berns' latest book, *The First Amendment and the Future of American Democracy*, is sure to be labeled a polemic. And, at least in tone, it is that. But it is a polemic informed by careful study of the writings and practices of the Founding Fathers, as well as by long reflection on the problems of liberal democracy. For the most part, the book draws on arguments and scholarship already published in various articles by Prof. Berns over the past ten years. Nevertheless, he has done us a service by combining the essentials of these scattered pieces into a single integrated study, where his earlier lines of criticism against the Court gain added resonance and clarity in the larger setting.

Berns' book is essentially an attack on the doctrinaire libertarianism that has characterized the First Amendment views of several members of the Court in the last thirty years (most notably Justices Black and Douglas and, in an earlier era, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes) and has often won over a majority of the justices in the resolution of particular cases. Berns is highly critical of the Court's readiness in these cases to champion liberty in almost absolute terms, without giving sufficient attention to the problem that, in practice, these liberties are contigent on the survival of liberal democracy. He points to the

---

Jeremy Rabkin is a graduate student in American government at Harvard.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

declining force of religion in American life, the instability of modern families, and the erosion of conventional civilities in public discourse, as among the ominous developments clouding the future of liberal democracy in this country. All of these trends, he argues, have been encouraged by the Court's recklessly expansive interpretation of the First Amendment.

Thus the Court, he insists, was shortsighted (and also confused) in reading the "nonestablishment" clause as erecting "a wall of separation between church and state"; it was scandalously irresponsible in extending First Amendment protection to the pornography industry; it was blind to realities in bringing even abusive or disruptive forms of public "expression" under the constitutional immunity afforded by the First Amendment. Though conceding the danger to be less immediate, Berns also berates the Court for extending First Amendment protection on some occasions to avowedly anti-democratic organizations like the Communist Party.

Giving weight to these criticisms are Berns' extended discussions of the original understanding of the religion and speech clauses of the First Amendment. The Founders, almost without exception, regarded the continued strength of religious belief as vital to the stability of republican government. Berns demonstrates that the Framers of the First Amendment (with perhaps the significant exception of James Madison) were therefore anxious that the language of the "nonestablishment" clause not be taken to imply that government must remain neutral between religion and irreligion, as well as between sects. On the other hand, the Founders did take for granted that the authority of the Constitution, though secular in origin, must—in legal terms—be above the claims of religious opinion. The Founders could not have accepted (nor can Berns) that expansive reading of the "free exercise" clause of the First Amendment which has led the Court in a few recent cases to create, in effect, a constitutionally-based *right* of civil disobedience to otherwise valid and binding laws, solely on grounds of conflicting personal belief. (Berns criticizes in this connection the Amish school decision, *Yoder v. Wisconsin* [1972], and conscientious objector decisions such as *Welsh v. U.S.* [1970].)

Similarly, Berns demonstrates that the Founders never regarded the right of free speech as unlimited. They did not, for example, believe that the right of free speech extended to those attacking the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence. In his elaborate discussion of the controversy over the Alien and Sedition Acts in 1798, Berns shows that even the Jeffersonians did not oppose, in principle, the suppression of seditious or anti-republican speech. Nor did the Founders ever imagine that obscene or indecent speech, or abusive forms of expression, were entitled to constitutional protection. They understood free speech as a necessary element in the process of self-government, but for this very reason they did not believe that speech threatening to public morals or to orderly discussion should ever be immune to governmental restraints.

Berns does not argue for extensive censorship. In his view, the First Amendment must be understood as protecting all forms of political speech, so long as they are expressed in decent language. He insists, however, that it should not prohibit the government from penalizing or restraining anti-democratic *organizations* (like the Communist Party), whether they now pose a serious threat or not. Likewise he argues that the government should be allowed to restrain indecent or abusive forms of expression, whether they are likely to provoke violent response (in effect, the Court's present test) or not. Berns acknowledges that governmental authorities must act with prudence in these areas, as in the suppression of pornography, an action he strongly favors. In the end, he is willing to rely on the case-by-case judgment of the courts to see that the lines of prohibition are fairly drawn.

In the same way, Berns would presumably rely on the judgment of courts to see that his narrower interpretation of the "non-establishment" clause is not squeezed into insignificance. For he does place a heavier burden on the courts in this area when he argues that the promotion of religion in general (i.e., on a nonsectarian basis) is a legitimate end for governmental action, because it has a *secular* purpose—promoting the moral restraints inculcated by religion. It is easy to imagine how this new principle might be abused in states or localities dominated by only one or two sects and as easy to imagine how it might become a source of emotional community conflict. In general, it is somewhat curious how much Berns would rely on the judgment of the courts, given his very dim view of some of the judgments they have recently displayed. But perhaps he thinks the prevailing secularist and libertarian biases of the judiciary would render his own interpretations of the First Amendment safe in their hands.

Overall Berns does make a persuasive case for his narrower—and, as he demonstrates, more traditional—approach to the

The Alternative
"...a wonderfully lively highbrow, iconbusting neoconservative, brawlingly staid monthly"
—William F. Buckley, Jr.

Join
☐ Irving Kristol
☐ Milton Friedman
☐ William F. Buckley, Jr.
☐ William E. Simon
and thousands of other thoughtful Americans who read the The Alternative.
To make sure you receive your copy of The Alternative regularly (we are rarely found on newsstands), use this handy order form and subscribe today.

THE ALTERNATIVE, Subscription Department,
P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, Indiana 47401
Please enter a ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription for:
☐ One year — $10 ☐ Two years — $18 ☐ Three years — $25
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me
(please print)
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
106B

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Amendment. With respect to the particular Court decisions he singles out for discussion in this book, his criticisms also seems to me, in almost every instance, quite well taken. But one cannot help feeling that the book *is* somewhat marred by its excessively polemical tone.

Thus Berns tells us that "it is no longer respectable for academics and 'intellectuals' to say" that Communist Party membership is incompatible with American citizenship "because it is no longer respectable in the law of the Constitution." At another point: "...vulgarities expressed publicly...have become an accepted mode of discourse. We have been taught by the law that they are not illegitimate and the legitimacy follows as a matter of course." And in like fashion, Berns suggests that the Court's "wall of separation" approach to the "non-establishment" clause is not only wrong in principle (certainly a plausible enough argument) but has somehow been a very significant factor in the decline of religion; this, notwithstanding the rather flexible application of the "wall" metaphor which has allowed the Court to sanction tax exemptions for church property and a variety of indirect financial aids (though, of course, not all that have been attempted) to religious institutions. Still Berns concludes that "the cultivation of those virtues [decency and self-restraint] is not readily accomplished in a liberal democracy and *it cannot even be attempted* [emphasis supplied] until the Supreme Court is persuaded to forego its doctrinaire attachment to 'freedom of expression' and to complete separation of church and state."

Berns is persuasive when he argues that the law acts by influencing opinion as much as by coercing conduct, but I doubt that many fair-minded observers will attribute *this* much influence to decisions of the Supreme Court. Yes, the decline of religion is a disturbing phenomenon for friends of liberal democracy and yes, the much celebrated revolution in sexual mores has some disturbing political implications. Yes, the vulgarity and at times the abusiveness of public discourse is cause for concern and yes, so too is the greater tolerance sometimes accorded extremist groups in the past decade. It should be said at once that Berns is not simply displaying crankiness or rigidity in warning about these trends; indeed he speaks quite soberly and sensitively about the dangers they each pose for the health of our democracy. But it is one thing to criticize the Court for closing its eyes to these trends and another to suggest that the Court somehow is complicit in them. The root causes, as Prof. Berns himself well knows, run much deeper. In fact, almost all these alarming trends of the late '60s seem to have lost ground in recent years and the social atmosphere is perhaps now healthier, the prospects for American democracy now brighter than for some time past. On the other hand, the Supreme Court in recent years has also thought the better of some of its earlier, more extreme First Amendment decisions (as it did in redefining the scope of First Amendment protection for pornography in 1973); yet I doubt whether Prof. Berns would give (and I doubt more strongly whether he would be right to give) the Court, itself, much credit for the improvement in the nation's political climate.

In the end, it is perhaps best to admit that we do not know what law governs the spiritual resiliency of nations. And if one is to deal in extreme formulations, there is probably less validity in some of Berns' bitter charges than in the oft-quoted dictum of Judge Learned Hand, who thought he knew at least "that a society so riven that the spirit of moderation is gone, no court *can* save; that a society where that spirit flourishes, no court *need* save; that in a society which evades its responsibility by thrusting upon courts the nurture of that spirit, that spirit in the end will perish." But between the extremes, Berns argues persuasively that the courts need not provide the unhealthier trends in our society with a further push from the bench. Or at the least, he demonstrates that the courts cannot claim to be bound by the historical meaning of the First Amendment when they do so. □

BOOK REVIEW

Mauve Gloves & Madmen, Clutter & Vine
Tom Wolfe / Farrar, Straus and Giroux / $8.95

John R. Coyne, Jr.

You can't summarize Tom Wolfe. Summaries can't adequately deal with style, and when you attempt to peel the style from a Wolfe piece, you take with it great swaths of substance. In most of Wolfe's writing, in fact, style *is* substance. People are what they say and how they say it, what they wear, what they surround themselves with, how they act.

A few samplings. First, "Funky Chic," something that "was flying through London like an infected bat" in 1969:

"So it happened that one night in a club called Arethusa, a favorite spot of the London *bon ton*, I witnessed the following: A man comes running into the Gents and squares off in front of a mirror, removes his tie and stuffs it into a pocket of his leather coat, jerks open the top four buttons of his shirt, shoves his fingers in under the hair on the top of his head and starts thrashing and tousling it into a ferocious disarray, steps back and appraises the results, turns his head this way and that, pulls his shirt open a little wider to let the hair on his chest sprout out, and then, seeing that everything is just so, heads in toward the dining room for the main course."

A year later, "Funky Chic came skipping into the United States...in the form of such marvelous figures as the Debutante in Blue Jeans. She was to be found on the fashion pages in every city of any size in the country. There she is in the photograph... wearing her blue jeans and her blue work shirt, open to the sternum, with her long pre-Raphaelite hair parted on the top of the skull, uncoiffed but recently washed and blown dry with a Continental pro-style dryer (the word-of-mouth that year said the Continental gave her more 'body')...and she is telling her interviewer:

" 'We're not having any "coming-out balls" this year or any "deb parties" or any of that...We're tired of cotillions and hunt cups and smart weekends. You want to know what I did last weekend? I spent last weekend at the day-care center, looking after the most beautiful black children...and *learning* from them.' "

In "The Intelligent Coed's Guide to America," Wolfe lists the criteria necessary for certification as an intellectual in the late sixties, when pride in status had replaced pride in function:

"...by the 1960's it was no longer necessary to produce literature, scholarship, or art—or even to be involved in such matters, except as a consumer—in order to qualify as an intellectual. It was only necessary to live *la vie intellectuelle*. A little brown bread in the bread box, a lapsed pledge card to CORE, a stereo and a record rack full of Coltrane and all the Beatles albums from *Revolver* on, white walls, a huge *Dracaena marginata* plant, which is there because all the furniture is

---

John R. Coyne, Jr., an associate of The Alternative, is author of The Kumquat Statement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so clean-lined and spare that without this piece of frondose tropical Victoriana the room looks empty, a stack of unread *New York Review of Books* rising up in a surly mound of subscription guilt, the conviction that America is materialistic, repressive, bloated, and deadened by its Silent Majority, which reposes in the heartland, three grocery boxes full of pop bottles wedged in behind the refrigerator and destined (one of these days) for the Recycling Center, a small, uncomfortable European car—that pretty well got the job done."

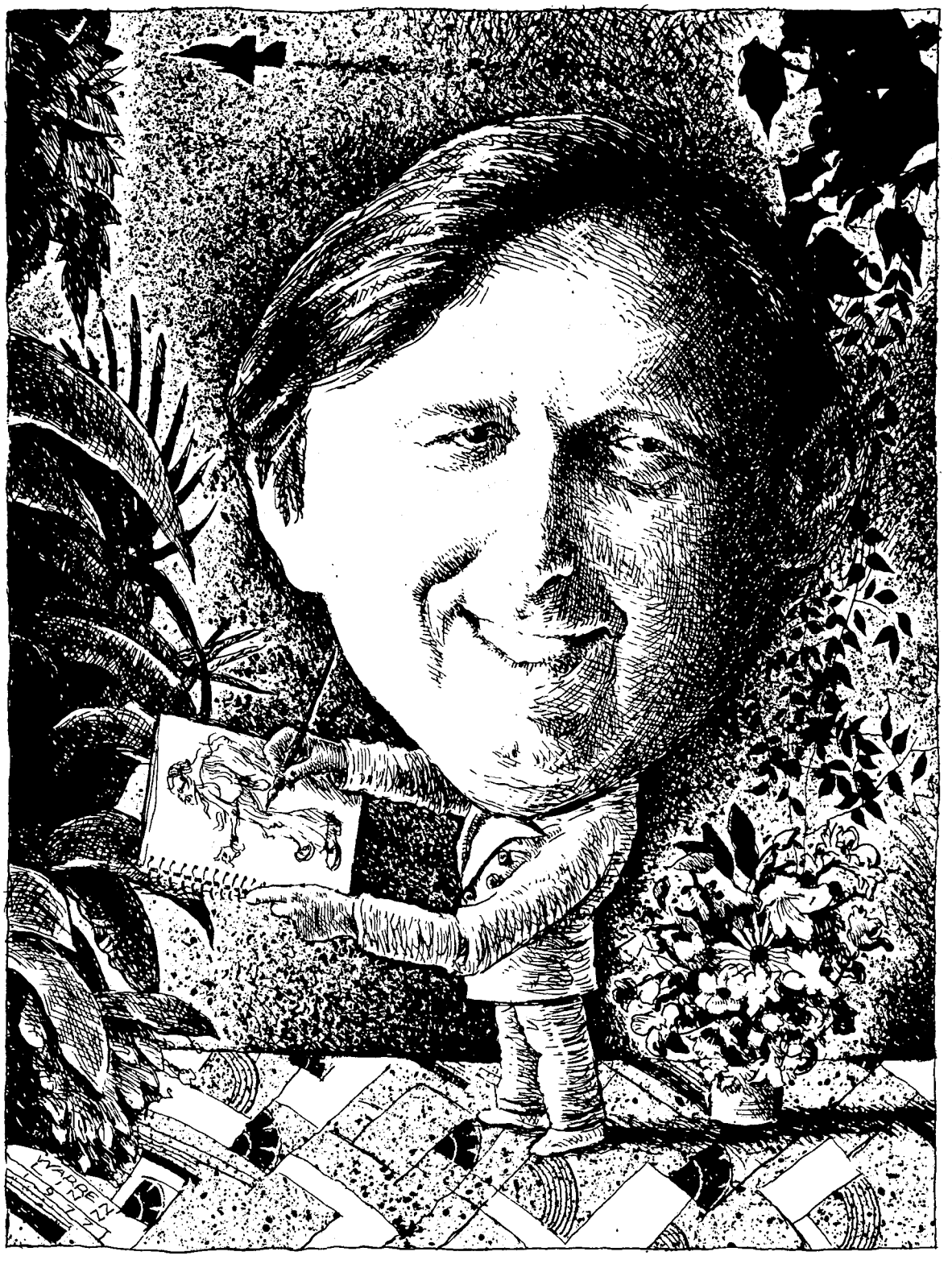
Is there anyone else writing this sort of thing? If so, he's not being published. Wolfe seems to be out there all alone, single-handedly keeping several of the best traditions and techniques alive, and in the process creating a whole new subgenre. He just may be, for instance, the only first-rate social historian of our recent past, the writing of history today having been taken over by muddle-headed abstractionists *-ists* (cf. Cold War Revision*ists*) and timorous footnote-crazed Ph.D.'s who fear to put pen to paper until everyone is dead and the trends are clear. (Wolfe quotes Louis Auchincloss: "Why can we find a hundred professors eager to explore the subtleties of the court of the Empress Theodora," he asks, "and not one to plumb the depths of a party given by Perle Mesta?")

Wolfe also does much of the work of the novelists, who have let us down badly. The stuff of the novel is the stuff of social history—men moving in society *during distinct historical* periods. This is what the novelists showed us so brilliantly through the nineteenth and into the twentieth century. And it may be that the rise of the novel accounts in part for the demise of social history (the other major factor is undoubtedly the rise of the university). The novelists simply did it better.

But no longer. At least not here. With the exception of a few older novelists like Wallace Stegner, the genre has been taken over by mechanics out to make a fast buck from the movies or by that inward-peering, can't-cope-with-it-all breed that is too preoccupied with fondling its pysche and other things to look about and try to record what's going on out there.

There is, of course, a good deal of garbage being spewed out in classrooms at such places as the Writers' Workshop at the University of Iowa about how our age is just too complex to allow for the traditional novel of manners. Nonsense. If anything, we live in one of history's simpler periods. It would be difficult indeed to argue that the sixties and seventies were more complex than, say, the nineteenth century, when we were hit not only by the industrial revolution but by a revolution in the way we viewed the world and man's place in it, a revolution led by such people as Marx, Darwin, and Nietzsche, to name just a few.

Complex? Baloney. People are still people, manners are still manners, morals are still morals, society is still society, and snobs are still snobs. It's just that so few seem up to the task of showing it to us. Journalists? No longer. There are some very good ones indeed, but they've been hypnotized by Vietnam and bitten by the Watergate bug, and today the best of them write almost exclusively about politics and Washington. The columnists model themselves on Evans and Novak or Jack Anderson, and with the exception of George Will, there's not one among the new breed with the social eye. The reporters these days are all playing Robert Redford, the magazine writers have slid over the edge into politics, and today the *New Yorker*'s "Talk of the Town" reads like an elegant version of the late-sixties *Berkeley Barb*. And in the meantime, Wolfe seems to be doing much of it all by himself, a roving linebacker, utility infielder, and designated hitter. The social and intellectual history of the past decade-and-a-half has never been recorded better than it is in "The Intelligent Coed's Guide to America," "The Me Decade and the Third Great Awakening," and "Funky Chic," three pieces in which, among other things, Wolfe dissects parlor Marxism and what passes for the American intellectual



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

movement in a way that should make Michael Harrington blush. (Wolfe's thesis is that the American intellectual is frustrated because he is not and never has been oppressed, as is his European counterpart. Part of the problem, says Wolfe, lies in "one of the great unexplained phenomena of modern astronomy: namely, that the dark night of fascism is always descending in the United States and yet lands only in Europe.")

The intellectual in America—or at least what passes as the intellectual—has, as Wolfe points out, been wrong about nearly everything. He spent years rationalizing the bestialities of the most repressive regime in history by attempting to separate Stalinism from Marxism-Leninism and by assuring us that true socialism had not yet evolved in the Soviet Union. But then, says Wolfe, along came Solzhenitsyn to demonstrate that Stalinism was an integral part of socialism and that Soviet socialism was indeed real socialism—as Wolfe puts it, "socialism done by experts."

The intellectuals were wrong about religion. The drill was to secularize religion, to make it rational, to make it "relevant." The result? "Today," says Wolfe, "it is precisely the most rational, intellectual, secularized, modernized, updated, relevant religions—all of the brave, forward-looking Ethical Culture, Unitarian, and Swedenborgian movements of only yesterday—that are finished, gasping, breathing their last. What the Urban Young People want from religion is a little *...Hallelujah!*...and *talking in tongues!*... *Praise God!* Precisely that!"

"Ten years ago," says Wolfe, "if anyone of wealth, power, or renown had publicly 'announced for Christ,' people would have looked at him as if his nose had been eaten away by weevils."

Today, however, it's the thing to do. And how the shades of those old genteel socialist-agnostics who shaped the New Deal must be moaning at the thought that a genuine, bona fide Holy Roller has taken over their party and sits in FDR's White House. That wasn't in Rexford Tugwell's intellectual game plan at all. And imagine Adlai Stevenson's reaction. Well glory.

The intellectuals were wrong about the workingman. Those eccentric utopians of the nineteenth century such as Marx, says Wolfe, "*lived* for the day of the liberated workingman." (Wolfe, by the way, seems one of the very few writers around who seems to sense just how dated, how cranky, how 19th-centuryish something like dialectical materialism really is.)

But then came the day when in the United States the workingman in fact became liberated. And instead of fitting himself into the mold of the noble proletarian that the parlor socialists had constructed for him, he took his money and his leisure and ran. Instead of living in a proletarian housing development (Wolfe calls the intellectuals' plan for proletarian housing "the Bauhaus vision of Worker Housing"), he moved out to the suburbs. Instead of reading the great books, he bought a couple of color television sets. Instead of emulating the sages, he models himself on Johnny Bench.

In fact, the intellectuals have been wrong about nearly everything. And although Wolfe doesn't say so, he understands that much of the frustration of that class which calls itself intellectual springs from an awareness of its own superfluity. As Eric Hoffer points out, America has worked beautifully without the assistance of the intellectuals. Indeed, that may be the primary reason that unlike Europe it has worked so well.

Intellectuals fascinate Wolfe. But he deals with other things as well. One piece of reporting here, "The Truest Sport: Jousting with Sam and Charlie," is perhaps the best account ever written of the men who carried out the air war over North Vietnam. It is a piece about living with death, a piece about the nature of heroism, and it is written with restraint, respect, and that attention to detail that is Wolfe's great strength. Wolfe is also superb at the character sketch, as with the writer in the title piece ("Mauve Gloves & Madmen" are caterers; "Clutter & Vine" are florists).

Yet Wolfe's method—to tell us by showing us, thereby carrying out to the letter the injunction laid on novelists by Henry James—may be what causes certain critics to slight him. There are many, of course, who simply hate him, among them that whole crew that clusters around the *New York Review*, those snobs that Wolfe so successfully skewers. But there are others—the *New York Times Book Review* types, for instance, who seem inclined to treat Wolfe with a certain condescension, as if it's all very well to be an amusing gadfly, but there are more important things in life, for instance, teaching drama at Yale.

All the good mannerists have had this problem. They work upon the theory that what people look like, what they wear, what they say, tell us not only a great deal about the people underneath the social surface but also a great deal about the sort of society that approves of such surfaces. Those critics of the manners approach, however, have difficulty distinguishing surfaces from superficiality and tend not to realize—perhaps because they simply lack artistic perception—that style is frequently substance. (Unfortunately, such types tend to dominate departments of English literature.) And the problem here for someone like Wolfe is compounded by the fact that

There is opportunity in America!

Sarkes Tarzian Inc. Bloomington, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he is so very good at what he does, thereby inviting total misunderstanding. To a certain sort of critical mind, it is simply inconceivable that anyone as good at sketching types as Wolfe is could also be a substantial artist and serious thinker. He just doesn't *look* substantial, doesn't *sound* serious. He doesn't galumph.

Wolfe seems to understand that he is frequently taken less than seriously by the poo-bahs, and one suspects it bothers him just a bit. At one point, discussing the manners approach to art—he calls it "fashion"—Wolfe says: "novelists who have dwelled on fashion...have usually been regarded in their own time as lightweights—'trivial' has been the going word—scarcely even literary artists, in fact; even those who have been judged to be the literary giants of their age."

Wolfe makes no claim to literary greatness. He certainly has earned the right to be taken seriously as a serious literary artist, however. In a discussion of the first manners novelists, Wolfe says, "Early in the game they seemed to sense that fashion is a code, a symbolic vocabulary that offers a subrational but instant and very brilliant illumination of the characters of individuals and even entire periods, especially periods of great turmoil."

There is no better description of what Wolfe has done. Alone among his peers, he has illuminated the sixties and seventies and set their absurdities in amber. There are certain problems, however. The best satirists always possess biting wits, as does Wolfe. But they also believe strongly in a standard of behavior, and I don't know what Wolfe's standard is. I know what he views as zany. But I don't know what he regards as sane.

Nevertheless, Wolfe does what he does better than any novelist or social historian writing today, and one suspects that his work will prove to be a good deal more durable than his critics believe. It's extremely difficult to judge mannerists in their own day, and most contemporary judgments tend to be wrong. Few thought that Trollope's reputation would outlive him, for instance. But today, if you want to know what mid-Victorian England looked like and sounded like and felt like, you don't go to the historians. You go to Trollope.

Wolfe will have to write thousands of pages before he plays in the same league with Trollope. But there is no doubt that he has captured the manners and morals of the past decade-and-a-half in a way that none of his contemporaries can match.

Should I, in my dotage, desire to relive this wretched period, I won't go to the historians. I'll go to Wolfe. □

BOOK REVIEW

The Economists

Leonard Silk / Basic Books / $10.95

Essays on Hayek

Edited by Fritz Machlup / New York University Press / $10.00

Edwin G. Dolan

Here we have two efforts to interpret the life work of some of the great economists of the 20th century. Silk concerns himself with Paul Samuelson, Milton Friedman, John Kenneth Galbraith, Wassily Leontieff, and Kenneth Boulding, while the Machlup volume contains essays on Friedrich Hayek by William F. Buckley, Jr., Gottfried Dietze, Ronald Hartwell, Shirley Letwin, George Roche, Arthur Shenfield, and Machlup himself. The two sets of essays have certain points in common. All of the economists under discussion have—how shall we say it—not precisely completed their life work, but have certainly gotten through enough of it to give us a fair basis for guessing what the completed edifice will look like. The essays in both volumes are concerned with their subjects' technical work as theorists, their views on broader social and philosophical questions, and their individual life experience. In other respects, however, the two books differ substantially.

First Silk. Initially his book appears innocuous enough, an effort by a distinguished journalist to discuss in layman's terms the work of five eminent academic economists. As such, much of the book succeeds quite well. The essay on Samuelson, whom Silk admires greatly, strikes me as the best, followed closely by that on Boulding. Leontieff comes through somewhat less successfully, despite—or perhaps because of—Silk's heroic effort to explain the nature of his input-output matrices without the aid of a single table or equation. As for Galbraith—perhaps we can skip ahead a bit and quote Hayek: "Every scholar can probably name several instances from his field of men who have undeservedly achieved a popular reputation as great scientists solely because they hold what the intellectuals regard as 'progressive' views."

This brings us to what was, for me, the puzzle of Silk's book—his treatment of Friedman. In his other essays, Silk is balanced, moderate, sometimes overly generous perhaps, but critical when necessary. When he comes to Friedman, however, he is frankly polemical. Friedman represents everything Silk dislikes about economists, and he lets it show. All sense of balance disappears. One cheap shot follows another. Friedman is unfairly portrayed as soft on Watergate and Chilean dictatorship, and possessed of a cynical disregard for the lot of the poor, the racial minorities, and the undereducated. In describing the University of Chicago to which Friedman went at the end of the war, Silk uses the device of a lengthy, extremely negative quotation from Paul Douglas. Elsewhere Friedman is damned by omission. In a passage beginning, "the best economists are aware of the importance of trying to observe life directly," Silk praises Samuelson, Leontieff, and Galbraith for the quality of their empirical work, while pointedly omitting mention of the man who is the most doggedly empirical of them all.

Why does Silk have it in for Friedman? For one thing, Silk forcibly rejects the idea of a value-free economics. For him, each man's scientific theories are a projection of his normative predispositions. Thus "the underlying motivation for Friedman's discovery of monetarism appears to have been his general dislike of Keynesianism and his aversion to any economics which...might undercut the intellectual preeminence of individualism and freedom of enterprise." And "what really spurred Friedman...to attack the Keynesians was not the technical aspects of monetary theory but the Chicago tradition of conservatism and the ideology of laissez-faire." To Silk, Friedman is only deceiving himself and others by appealing to positive analysis or empirical observation. Silk rejects monetarism because its policy implications seem to him morally unacceptable, and he rejects Friedman because the latter argues that the moral implications of the doctrine are not relevant to the questions of whether it is true or false.

Having got this far in understanding Silk, I was well primed for reading the essays on Hayek. Although Machlup, the volume's editor, contributes a fine review of Hayek's work as a technical economist,

---

Edwin G. Dolan is assistant professor of economics at Dartmouth, and author of TANSTAAFL, *a market approach to environmental problems.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most of the contributors focus on his broader contributions to social philosophy. One of the things that Hayek has worried about a great deal is why the case for the free society, as advanced by people like Milton Friedman, holds so little appeal for modern-day intellectuals like Leonard Silk. At least two points emerge which shed additional light on Silk's treatment of Friedman.

As Silk understands it, the case for a free economy rests on two pillars: an overriding emphasis on efficiency as the criterion for all economic policy decisions, and a belief in the relevance and validity of the model of perfect competition. Now it may well be, of course, that Friedman does not attach to either of these tenets the importance that Silk would have it that he does. Nonetheless, I think it is in fact the case that an overemphasis on efficiency and perfect competition has weakened the economist's case for the free market. As Hayek wrote, "the argument in favor of competition does not rest on the conditions that would exist if it were perfect." This is something which seems never to have fully registered with the Chicago school.

On a closely related point, even Hayek comes in for gentle criticism, this time from Ronald Hartwell. Hartwell's worry is that the champions of economic freedom have too little respect for such "powerful and valuable springs of feeling" as moral indignation, aesthetic revulsion, envy, and hatred. Problems like poverty, pollution, ignorance, and militarism rouse indignation and passion, yet, as Hartwell points out, they are treated too lightly or *too rationally* by men like Hayek and Friedman. Silk and other modern liberals see capitalism as ugly and obscene, and therefore calling for forceful and immediate action. The last thing the modern American liberal wants is to be cautioned, as Hayek cautions him, that the would-be reformer "will have to use what knowledge he can achieve, not to shape the results as the craftsman shapes his handiwork, but rather to cultivate a growth by providing the appropriate environment, as the gardener does for his plants." □

BOOK REVIEW

The Black Family in Slavery and Freedom 1750-1925
Herbert G. Gutman / Pantheon / $15.95

Stephen Peter Rosen

It has been remarked that the first virtue of the British Empire was the fact that it stood in direct contradiction to the principles of liberalism, and, as such, was a healthy antidote to dogmatism. Utility, free trade, and self-interest rightly understood declared that the Empire ought not exist, that it probably could not exist. But there it was in all its splendor. So it is in America, only we have egalitarianism and obvious cultural differences. All men are created equal, and would be if given the chance, yet in 1974, fewer black births in Washington, D.C. were legitimate than not. A less democratic country would blink and ask what of it, but human equality is a serious, if not ideological matter in America, and differences among groups of people must be explained, or better, explained away.

Early in the 1960s, Daniel Patrick Moynihan had the misfortune to become involved in a problem of this sort. Inequalities of condition clearly existed between races, they had to be understood, and it was desirable that something be done about them. At the same time, it was completely undesirable to give comfort to those who argued that blacks were racially inferior. Moynihan, drawing upon the conventional academic wisdom, wrote a report which argued that slavery had so weakened the black family that it was less able to support or morally educate blacks. Although one might guess that Moynihan would recommend, on the basis of this analysis, policies specifically designed to affect black family structure, he chose to support programs aimed at reducing black unemployment. A more generous and sensitive approach would be hard to design. But it was not enough to keep him out of trouble. However much Moynihan attributed problems in black family structure to slavery and the depradations of whites, it could not be ignored that he was saying that black families were weak and not what they might be. Moynihan's facts and arguments did not encourage Americans to realize that equality was a much more problematic goal than they had believed. Instead, they evoked ferocious attacks for having contradicted the American ideology of equality.

Herbert Gutman's book is the latest of these attacks. It is explicitly motivated by the controversy surrounding the Moynihan report. It claims that black families were not weakened by slavery and that they are not now weak. Such a position, unlike Moynihan's, is compatible with American liberalism and egalitarianism. Gutman's argument was printed and tacitly endorsed by the *New York Times*—recognition which indicated, as does the Church's imprimatur, not that the story was factually correct, but that it was free from errors of faith and morals. The general impression created by the *Times* and other favorable reviewers is that the Moynihan report, and the scholarship on which it was based, have been substantially discredited.

The problem is that Gutman simply does not show that the black family was not weakened by slavery. Rather the reverse. Gutman clearly admits that slavery had catastrophic consequences for the black family. His conclusion, drawn from his evidence, is that between one-seventh and one-sixth of all black families in slavery experienced forcible separations. From this he sensibly infers "that *all* slave marriages were insecure [italics original] ....That is why slave marriages, however long they lasted, cannot be characterized as stable." He goes on to state that the constant threat of separation "probably served as a reason to socialize one's children for sale, a damaging and unenviable task for any parent." From anecdotal evidence he concludes that slavery encouraged illegitimacy since slave women whose fertility was established were less likely to be sold away from their communities by masters who valued fecundity. According to an observer whom Gutman quotes without contradiction, "It was held no shame for a girl to bear a child under any circumstances." By examining 1880 census figures he determines that between one-fourth and one-third of all black children under six lived in households with missing parents. Most strikingly, the same census figures showed that among young (20-29) black women in two rural Southern counties, father-absent households were, respectively, two and four times as common as they were among identically aged white women in a poor Southern county chosen by Gutman as a benchmark.

On what grounds, then, does Gutman base his claim that the black family was not weakened by slavery? The most impressive evidence is the documented zeal with which blacks legalized their informal slave marriages after the Civil War. As near as can be told, all slave marriages were legalized by ex-slaves acting on their own initiative as soon as it became possible to do so. Less significant is the fact advanced

---

Stephen Peter Rosen is a graduate student in the Harvard government department.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Gutman that on plantations from which slave family members were *not* sold away, slave women often had all their children by one man. But by Gutman's statement, the possibility, not the actuality of separation precluded stable family life. Even weaker is Gutman's insistence, based on plantation records, that slave children were often named after their grandparents, and that this phenomenon showed the strength, resilience, and autonomy of slave families and culture. This is pretty poor stuff. The fact that slaves knew the names of their parents tells us very little about the virtues and vices of slave family life.

But that is all beside the point for Gutman. He acknowledges that "Anti-slavery critics had many good reasons to complain that as a social system, slavery weakened the slave household." He does wish to show that slaves had a culture of their own. Having done that, he will argue that slave culture and families were not "weaker" than their white counterparts, and that such judgments are the result of the racist application of white standards to black creations. He cites an 1870 editorial in *The Nation* and sniffs that "*The Nation* identifies sexual restraint, civil marriage and family 'stability' with civilization itself. Such midnineteenth century class and sexual beliefs reinforced racial beliefs about Afro-Americans." Never mind that family stability probably is identical with civilization, as Freud thought. Never mind that people were criticizing the family lives of English workers and Irish immigrants for exactly the same weaknesses perceived in black families. Such talk was "elitist" and reflected "ideological currents that assigned inferior status to nineteenth century blacks, women and working class men."

No doubt Gutman believes that he is serving the cause of equality by declining to use his data to judge black families. But it is only by denying the validity of applying external tests to black culture that he can claim that the black family was not damaged by slavery. One way to achieve equality is to discard standards, in the absence of which all men are necessarily equal. But equal to what? A higher conception of equality requires an understanding of what people ought to be as well as efforts to make them so, even if those efforts mean acknowledging existing differences. Moynihan and Gutman do not differ on their facts. It is in his conception of equality that Moynihan differs from and is superior to Herbert Gutman. □

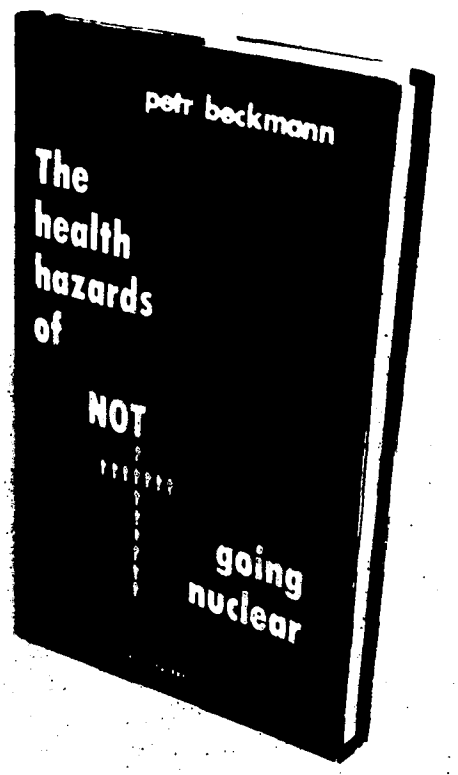
A PROPHET IN EXILE

(continued from page 4)

a hunger for power, Charlie went to study law at Yale and clerked for Hugo Black. He became a friend and disciple of William O. Douglas, whom he calls "the Sun God himself." Later he practiced with Arnold, Fortas & Porter, the prestigious Washington law bordello. In the 1960s he began teaching law at Yale. Through all these years he gained no sympathy at all for the scarcity of economic goods, the fragility of political liberty, or the importance of lives led outside the public sector.

In short and in sum, Charlie had access to practically all the benefits chic liberalism could shower on a young man—an elite education, access to elite institutions, power, ease, and the *New York Times* with breakfast; by the late 1960s it became apparent to all that the experience had idiotized him. He wrote *Greening*, and gained wide fame. His every word was quoted. And those words were not only idiotic, they were pristine ritualistic liberalism. What The Enemy could do to the liberal endeavor if they ever drew this connection! One day Charlie would harangue on behalf of "the kids," the next day he might air his obsession with Brooks Brothers, whose suits were "scratchy" and "interfered with the free movement of my mind." Worse still he had a rhetorical quirk that was especially horrifying. In the midst of the most lunatic discourse he would suddenly gain his composure, clear his throat, and launch a pious declaration along the lines of the following from *The Sorcerer*, (page 244 for the scholarly disposed): "The major goal of my own work is fundamental, political change. I cannot accept living in a country where people feel powerless to affect their lives. I am unwilling to overlook injustice, cruelty, and oppression. I cannot in good conscience live in a country that imprisons people, humiliates them, degrades them, or ignores their basic humanity. I do not want to live in a country where there is such pervasive cynicism, corruption, and betrayal of its own dignity. I want nothing to do with a country that oppresses the people of any other country. Therefore I want to bring down this system, and replace it with one responsive to human needs."

Mein Gott! Such sentiments! This is no mere cultural quack. It is George McGovern on the floor of the U.S. Senate. It is Senator Edward Kennedy. It is an editorial writer for *The Nation* saying his morning prayers. If ever the forces of reaction heard such noble statements issuing from our Charlie they would have ammunition enough to destroy the Army of Decency forever. And so poor Charlie is to be entombed in a conspiracy of silence, a quack undone not only by his own quackery but also by the cowardliness of his erstwhile press agents. As a cultural phenomenon Charles Reich has assumed room temperature. □



Witty, highly informative, thoroughly documented, caustic...demolishes the myths, distortions and outright falsehoods of the anti-nuclear crowd.
Nationally syndicated columnist John Lofton

Shows, in great detail, that nuclear energy is significantly safer than any alternative source of energy—including those we are using now.
Natl. synd. col. M. Stanton Evans

Dr. Beckmann's lucid and readable book should be in the hands of every concerned American.
Natl. synd. col. Ralph de Toledano

Technically informed, lively and polemical analysis compares the risks of nuclear power to those of its alternatives, concluding that it is safer than any other form of large-scale energy conversion yet invented.
Science News

At once a useful handbook of nuclear basics and a biting refutation of the Naderites...An instructive, entertaining book that deserves the widest possible audience.
National Review

The Health Hazards of NOT Going Nuclear

BY PETR BECKMANN
(University of Colorado) □ Fellow of the IEEE
Editor and Publisher of *Access to Energy*

190pp., ill.; 6 by 9; $5.95 softb., $10.95 hardb.

To: THE GOLEM PRESS
Box 1342-T, Boulder, Colo. 80302

Rush .... hardbacks .... paperbacks of *The Health Hazards of NOT Going Nuclear* to the address below. I have enclosed $10.95 per hardback, $5.95 per paperback. (Colorado residents please add tax.) Ship to:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEW

Israel Divided: Ideological Politics in the Jewish State

Rael Jean Isaac / Johns Hopkins University Press / $10.95

Edward Alexander

In so desperately beseiged a country as Israel, it might be supposed that people would cling for life to the conviction that the government is their collective representative, and that ideological politics is a luxury to be indulged in by a handful of intellectuals who believe in truth even though the heavens fall, but are not prepared to say what will happen *after* the heavens fall. But Rael Isaac, in her book *Israel Divided*, shows that a Jewish state is endowed—whether for blessing or curse remains to be seen—with a disproportionately large number of citizens who share Mill's belief that the true parliament is not the elected one but the ideological debate which supplies the vision for temporal power.

Isaac argues that, in the aftermath of the Six-Day War of June 1967, two antithetical ideological movements arose in Israel to challenge the government consensus based on the policy of trading captured territories for a genuine peace, formally ratified. One, the Land of Israel Movement, argued for the incorporation into Israel of the captured territories, either because (like Judea and Samaria) they belonged to the Jewish people by historic right or (as in the case of Sinai) for security reasons. The Peace Movement saw the 1967 victory as an opportunity to prove Israel's good intentions by forfeiting all territorial claims and returning to pre-war boundaries. Hence the Peace Movement urged the government to cease insisting on a full peace and all the trappings of normal relations between nations. Above all, the Peace Movement argued that the resolution to the entire conflict lay not in making accommodation with the Arab states, but in satisfying the "national aspirations" of Palestinian Arabs by creating for them another Palestinian state (in addition to Jordan) in the West Bank and Gaza.

Initially, these competing ideological alternatives weakened each other and strengthened the government, which came more readily into public view as the *via media* between irresponsible extremes. But the absence of progress towards peace, symbolized by the three Arab "nos" issued at Khartoum in August 1967 —no recognition, no negotiation, no peace —signified the paralysis of government policy and enabled the competing ideologies to crack the government consensus.

Isaac is adroit in tracing the paradoxical developments of the next six years during which government members felt the impact of the Peace Movement ideology with great immediacy, yet implemented programs of the Land of Israel Movement without ever embracing the principles underlying those programs. The leftist and generally secularist ideas of the Peace Movement might have been music to the inward ear of a Labor government. But they had one drawback from the political point of view: they never worked. Flexibility, concessions, indirect negotiations, even explorations of the Peace Movement's favorite nostrum of a "Palestine entity," failed to bring either peace or any abatement in the Arab view that Israel's existence in itself constituted aggression. By 1973, on the other hand, the very government which denied the first principles of the Land of Israel Movement had established 44 Israeli settlements in the Golan, on the West Bank, and in northern Sinai.

The Yom Kippur War confirmed each ideological group in the rightness of its convictions. Neither could accept the official view that the disaster had resulted from technical failure. The Peace Movement held that the inadequacy of territory and military might as deterrents was now proven. The Land of Israel Movement insisted that the technical failure was rooted in the government's failure to perceive the legitimacy of its own title to the land of Israel, parts of which its agencies persistently referred to as occupied rather than liberated territories.

By presenting their composition, ideology, and influence with lucidity and shrewdness, Isaac shows that both movements represent traditional elements within Jewish life. The Peace Movement has applied to the Israel-Arab conflict what Hannah Arendt once called the incurable delusion of European Jewry: the belief that in weakness and dependence lies the best security for the Jewish people. Also, most members of the Peace Movement inherited ideologies which sought to combine Jewish values with radical leftist ones. The fact that most radical left-wing parties during these past hundred years have been anti-Semitic might have suggested that this was a quixotic attempt to reconcile irreconcilables. But always, for the Zionist socialists, there remained some margin between probability and certainty on this point. Now, however, in a world in which, as Isaac says, "radical leftism has identified Arab nationalism as progressive and Zionism...as retrogressive" and made the destruction of Israel its great desideratum, the margin has disappeared. With loyalties hopelessly divided but their belief in the shelter afforded by Jewish weakness unshaken by the Holocaust, members of the Peace Movement were themselves instrumental in fabricating a "Palestinian identity" and in encouraging Palestinian claims to the West Bank.

The Land of Israel Movement, far more popular in Israel than its dovish adversary yet scorned by Western intellectuals as religious, fanatical, and "right-wing," has adhered steadfastly to two principles. One is that the Jews' claim to the land of Israel not only is, but must be, based upon historical and religious claims, because the absence of a principled basis for action makes Israel helpless in the face of outside pressure from advocates of expediency. (What could seem more expedient than for Israel to disappear altogether?) The other is that in Jewish weakness lies not security but danger, for the Arabs will establish peace with Israel only when they no longer see the possibility of destroying her.

Although Isaac's presentation of the two opposed movements is fair and dispassionate, she makes clear her preferences. Her final chapter asserts with clarity and authority that despite the Achilles' heel of the Land of Israel Movement—the large, growing Arab population in the West Bank—it, and not the Peace Movement, has penetrated to the heart of the conflict: namely, Arab refusal to countenance Jewish sovereignty in *any* part of Palestine. The sole result of U.S. peace efforts will be, she therefore concludes, to put Israel into a more disadvantageous position when the next war begins. *Israel Divided* is one of the few necessary utterances on the Middle East to appear in recent years, and is of the first importance. □

Edward Alexander is Professor of English and Chairman of the Jewish Studies Program at the University of Washington, in Seattle. Last December he and his wife were interrogated and arrested in the USSR for "endangering Soviet citizens" by carrying elementary Hebrew language texts in their suitcases.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How YOU Can Profit From the Coming

PRICE CONTROLS

That President Carter Says He Won't Impose (Maybe)

RICHARD NIXON'S GHOST

President Carter announced on Dec. 3, 1976, that he does not intend to ask Congress to grant him standby authority to impose price and wage controls. Richard Nixon said the same thing in 1970. (Congress granted him this power anyway on August 15, 1970, and Nixon said he didn't want it. On August 15, 1971, Nixon unilaterally declared full-scale price and wage controls.)

President Carter says he will rely on "voluntary" wage and price guidelines instead of direct controls. That's what Lyndon Johnson said, and prices skyrocketed. That's what Richard Nixon said, and prices skyrocketed. (Then comes "jawboning" — arguing for price rollbacks. Johnson "jawboned." Nixon "jawboned." Prices skyrocketed.)

Actually, what President Carter really said was that he will not impose controls **unilaterally.** He would not impose them "Unless I had substantial support in the business and labor community for the goals that we set for ourselves..." **We?** Big business, big labor, and big government will be able to impose controls on **us,** the consumers. President Carter calls this "a partnership."

Controls are coming. Count on it.

SHORTAGES ARE COMING

Price and wage controls produce shortages. Always. In peacetime and in war, controls produce shortages. The same types of shortage-induced hardships on consumers have appeared **every time** controls have been imposed by governments during the last 4500 years.

Any every time it happens, a select few prosper. **Insiders.** They know the **special techniques** necessary to beat the controls.

Important and little-understood signs now indicate that the government will reimpose controls, despite President Carter's assurances to the contrary. In fact, **his assurances are one of the key signs** (just as Nixon's assurances were in early 1971). This is why insiders are taking steps at this very moment to make **huge profits** during the next wave of controls. They know that controls are politically expedient. They know how intense the public pressures will be for the President to do something, **anything,** to reduce prices. And most important, they know that the vast majority of American citizens will not take the steps necessary to survive and even prosper under controls, simply because **most people wait until it is too late.** By then the insiders will have made their killing, and the public will have been wiped out. It happens every time.

THE INSIDERS' STRATEGY

There are tricks to the insiders' trade. I have learned many of them. But the most important single advantage they have over the rest of the public is **a unique way of interpreting the economic trends.** It lets them act in advance to **beat the markets.** They have developed a "weird" slant on economic life — weird only in a world without controls — that becomes the **absolutely indispensable requirement** for personal prosperity under price controls.

SIX DEADLY ASSUMPTIONS THAT COULD WIPE YOU OUT

Have you made one or more of these **six common assumptions,** each of which is questionable and **potentially disastrous?**

"My pension can actually be paid off"

"The Social Security System is solvent"

"The Federal Government guarantees the present value of my bank account"

"A depression is impossible today"

"My guaranteed annuity is safe"

"The government will control inflation"

YOU CAN MASTER THIS "WEIRD" SYSTEM OF MAKING MONEY

Some people know it instinctively. For them it's easy. Most of us don't have it automatically. I had to learn it through many years of study — in college, in graduate school, and in government research. I earned a doctorate, having specialized in economic history, yet I can honestly say that in school my professors never mentioned this system of forecasting. Neither did the hundreds of books they assigned. If I hadn't done extensive research on my own, I would never have discovered the basic techniques that serve as **economic escape hatches.** Once controls are imposed, the government will begin to close off these escape hatches. You had better know them **in advance.**

The longer the controls stay on, the less you can do, legally, to insure your family's survival. Yet there are steps you can take today — legal for the moment — that may enable you to be **calling the shots** within a year after controls are imposed.

I'll show you where to begin. The details are in my book, ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls.***

The big boys have already begun. They're betting that the rest of us won't act in time. Frankly, they're probably correct. **Most people won't act in time.** They never do. But **you** can. (I'm not saying you will. I'm saying you **can.** For the moment.)

YOU CAN BEAT THE CONTROLS

How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls tells you **why** controls are coming, what **signs** are used by insiders to serve as "early warning indicators," **what to do** when these signs appear (and some of them are already here), and what to do immediately **after** controls are imposed.

If you **master these techniques,** and if you have the dedication to apply them, you can join the ranks of the insiders. Some of you will learn them far better than I have. That's the goal of every serious teacher: to make his students smarter than he is. Or in this case, **richer.**

THE GOVERNMENT MAY PROHIBIT THIS ADVERTISEMENT

Time is running out. This is not simply an advertising pitch. The day after controls are imposed, magazines and newspapers may refuse to run ads for information showing people how to beat the controls. A year later, it could easily be **illegal** to run such ads. After all, what good are the controls, from the bureaucrats' point of view, if the public knows how to beat them? And that's precisely what you learn in ***How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls.***

Look, I'm no hero. I'm not going to take unnecessary risks. Why call attention to myself? When controls go on, I can quietly disappear from the scene. **Invisibility** is one of the techniques I teach. Advertising makes a man altogether too visible. **You may never see this advertisement again.** It depends on the government. And my number-one rule is this: don't depend on the government.

You may think you don't need my book right now. **But when you decide that you really need my book, will you be able to locate a copy?**

This book costs $10. Two years after controls go on, the **lack** of the information I'm offering could cost you ten times that much. It could cost you everything.

He who hesitates, the proverb says, is lost. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Gary North, Ph.D.

24 Hours a Day!
Bankamericard and **Master Charge** orders. Call **TOLL-FREE**
800-648-4711

Dear Dr. North:

Please send me a copy of **How You Can Profit from the Coming Price Controls.** I'm enclosing my check for **$10.**

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to:
Loopholes
7712 Newcastle Dr., Suite 700
Annandale, VA 22003

©Gary North **1977**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

The Other Blacklist

I have read your articles on Miss Hellman et al. (January 1977) with great appreciation.

I have been disturbed more than a little by the re-write of history going on today as evidenced by *The Front* and a rash of TV shows. Having been a participant myself in the Hollywood fracas, I can state that the only really effective blacklist in the movie industry was the one used by the Communists and their dupes against anti-Communists and even just non-Communists. Of course, there was no public knowledge of this list nor were any of the victims aware of the reason why they stopped hearing from casting offices and/or agents.

One thing, however, is certain: the dupes, fellow travelers, or whatever must certainly have outnumbered the Communists many times over.

Ronald Reagan
Los Angeles, California

Nicest Letter of the Year

I nominate R. Emmett Tyrrell's piece, "Worst Book of the Year" (January 1977), for an award in a new category, "Best Review of the Year."

Someone asked me the other day why Tyrrell—who is going from good to great as an essayist—doesn't have a regular national newspaper or television outlet. I could think of only one reason: they don't deserve him.

Ben J. Wattenberg
Washington, D.C.

Lillian Hellman, Robbins Laureate

My compliments on your 1976 Harold Robbins Award. You could not have chosen a more deserving candidate.

Walter Goodman
New York, New York

Too Hard on FBI

In his otherwise excellent article on "Red Scares and Blacklists" (January 1977) Stephen Miller is, I believe, something less than fair to the FBI.

He writes of Lillian Hellman's confusions and then adds, "But this is the kind of gambit the FBI specialized in—throwing all radicals, whether Communists or not, into the same pot."

I was investigated twice that I know of by the FBI, once as a youngster in high school in 1942 or 1943 when someone accused me of being a Communist and, again, after the war when I refused to register, or rather re-register for the draft. On both occasions the FBI made the proper distinction between Communist, which I was not, and socialist, which I was and still am. Later when in a small way I was involved with Norman Thomas and some others in trying to get the Trotskyist Workers Party and Independent Socialist League, both of the Schactman persuasion, and the IWW off the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations, it was my impression that the FBI knew the differences between those vehemently anti-Stalinist organizations and the Communists. Where we differed, as I recall, was that the FBI was convinced that the ISL and the IWW were subversive, i.e. dedicated to the violent overthrow of our government, and we were not, or believed that they had changed.

As I recall the late 1940s and 1950s, it was not the FBI but the Communists (and the Hellmans) and the McCarthyites who sought to muddle the very real distinctions between home-grown radicals and those, truly not radical, who owed their allegiance to the Soviet Union.

Thomas R. Brooks
Brooklyn, New York

Hitler a Catholic?

William H. Nolte's review of John Toland's *Adolf Hitler* (January 1977) quotes Toland's linking of Hitler's Judeophobia to his Roman Catholicism: "Still a member in good standing of the Church of Rome despite detestation of its hierarchy ('I am now as before a Catholic and will always remain so') he carried within him its teaching that the Jew was the killer of God."

While Hitler *was* a Catholic, if he was one "in good standing" it is hard to imagine one whom Nolte-Toland could consider in bad standing. Maybe Toland was thinking of Franco when he wrote the line, and Nolte failed to catch him!

A present-tense reference to Catholic teaching that "the Jew" (generally) killed God is hard to credit for 1977, for 1940-45, or even for the period of Hitler's birth in 1889. As Toland notes in Chapter 27 relative to 1943:

"The Church, under the Pope's guidance, had already saved the lives of more Jews than all other churches, religious institutions and rescue organizations combined, and was presently hiding thousands of Jews in monasteries, convents, and Vatican City itself. The record of the Allies was far more shameful. The British and Americans, despite lofty pronouncements, had not only avoided taking any meaningful action but gave sanctuary to few persecuted Jews."

George Steven Swan
Columbus, Ohio

Mr. Nolte replies:

I consider it impossible to determine the root causes of Hitler's Judeophobia, but there seems to be good reason for believing that his early religious training had something to do with it. The fact that many Jews were Socialists or Communists probably influenced him in the matter more than did his Catholic upbringing—as I remarked in my review. Mr. Swan apparently objects to my quoting Toland's statement concerning Hitler's being "a member in good standing of the Church of Rome." Does he imply that Toland was wrong in his statement? If so, I refer him to other books on Hitler—for example, Speer's *Inside the Third Reich*. Even when the Church opposed Hitler's plans, Hitler "nevertheless ordered his chief associates, above all Goering and Goebbels, to remain members of the church. He too would remain a member of the Catholic Church, he said, although he had no real attachment to it. And in fact he remained in the church until his suicide" (pp. 95-96). For all I know, Hitler may have decided to remain in the Church for the sake of appearance only. But I see no contradiction between Toland's statement that Hitler was a Catholic and his remarks about the Pope's providing shelter for the Jews.

Brink of Perjury

Peter J. Rusthoven, one of Richard Lugar's toadeaters, claims in his article in your January 1977 issue that the newly elected Indiana Senator is a conservative. If Rusthoven, described as a practicing attorney, really believes that, he is a practicing fool.

Contrary to Rusthoven's assertion that Lugar forcefully opposed "the likes of John Lindsay," when elected to the mayor's office in Indianapolis in 1967, Lugar sent some of his staff members to New York City to learn Lindsay's liberal techniques. Lugar's staffers returned proudly wearing Lindsay "Give a damn" buttons. Only when Lindsay's ineptness became transparent did Lugar quietly cut the hotline between Indianapolis and Gotham.

Rusthoven claims that Lugar has been condemned by conservatives for accepting "relatively strings-free federal revenue sharing funds." Lugar, in fact, grabbed at federal dollars, no matter how strong or numerous the strings. He applied for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Model Cities funds even though one of his top assistants admitted that "we don't really know what the problem is out there" in the project area. Model Cities aid requires recipients to organize a regional council of governments to plan areawide public projects, "whether federally assisted or not," according to the Model Cities Act.

Lugar also brought into Indianapolis one of George Romney's brainwashed ideas, Operation Breakthrough, a housing project intended to provide dwellings for rich and poor. It turned into a multimillion dollar fiasco. One of Lugar's assistants told me, while I was an editorial writer for the *Indianapolis News*, that the project was controlled by the mayor's office. Officials from the Department of Housing and Urban Development told me the project was 100 percent federally financed and totally controlled by their department. The one positive result of the project was that it provided funds to help bail out a failing company owned by a local Republican.

If Lugar is a conservative, and it is possible he will become one in the Senate, why did he refuse to allow the residents of an urban renewal program to vote on the project? He told me that a referendum was unnecessary. It certainly was. Many of the victims, mostly black, had built their homes with their own hands and did not want to be uprooted from their neighborhood, but Lugar's federal bulldozer crushed their homes and spirit anyway. The project area remains a desolate monument to failed liberalism.

Lugar also ran roughshod over the people in pushing Unigov, metropolitan government, through the state legislature, despite admitting that public opinion in the affected areas was running heavily against it. In particular, many inner-city blacks opposed Unigov because they realized that the annexation of heavily white suburbs would dilute their vote. Lugar had carefully avoided the issue of metropolitan government in his mayoral campaign.

Typical of liberals, Lugar ignored the vast majority of law-abiding, hard-working blacks while catering to the jobless radicals with prison records. His flak catchers were mau-maued by black hoodlums whose followers shook down black merchants.

If Rusthoven is as sloppy with the facts as a lawyer as he is as a propagandist for Lugar, he must teeter on the brink of perjury every time he goes to court.

Wellington J. Griffith III
Sun City, Arizona

Mr. Rusthoven replies:

Mr. Griffith's missive, with its numerous insults, distortions, and half-truths, nicely illustrates one of the points I attempted to make in my article—namely, that Dick Lugar has for some reason become a *bête noire* of the crazy right. Of course, the narrow-minded little band to which Griffith apparently belongs will always view someone like Lugar with suspicion: They are ultimately uninterested in government in any serious fashion, preferring instead to be ever and stridently vigilant against those those who fail their silly little litmus-paper tests of ideological purity. Nevertheless, it is important to respond to Griffith's laundry list of Lugar's supposed shortcomings, lest thoughtful conservatives, who are serious about government and politics, be misled by Griffith's warped version of Lugar's tenure as Mayor of Indianapolis.

It is true, but hardly condemnatory, that Lugar staff members visited New York shortly after his election in 1967. John Lindsay was at that time Republican mayor of the nation's largest city, and for someone in Lugar's position to attempt to learn what he could from Lindsay's experiences is perfectly unexceptionable. What is significant is not the visit, but the fact that Lugar—in contrast to Lindsay—became a leading spokesman for local control and responsibility for municipal governments. Moreover, contrary to Griffith's implication, Lugar was an outspoken critic of those who blamed the federal government for all that was wrong with the cities long before the bloom was off Mr. Lindsay's rose. Indeed, Lugar took on Lindsay in a successful floor fight for the presidency of the National League of Cities at a time when the latter was still widely touted as a White House hopeful—and this despite the fact that Lindsay, as the previous year's vice-president, was automatically in line for the top post of the municipal organization.

Griffith's account of Indianapolis' participation in federal programs under Lugar is similarly misleading. In the first place, he greatly exaggerates the problems associated with those programs, which were better run in Indianapolis than in most urban areas. More importantly, however, Griffith again chooses to ignore the whole story. The significant point is not that Lugar, like every other mayor of a major city, accepted federal monies; rather, it is that unlike many others, Lugar learned from such problems as his city did experience. Thus, Lugar became a leading advocate of the strings-free, general revenue sharing approach, for which he lobbied energetically, persuasively, and ultimately successfully, in the face of serious Congressional opposition. True, it is still "federal money," if one chooses to get exercised over such things. I suspect that most of us, however, would prefer the pragmatic attitude which Lugar has expressed—namely, that if Washington persists in overtaxing local citizens, there is nothing wrong—and indeed, a great deal good—with attempting to retrieve as many of those tax dollars as one can for one's constituents. Lugar's contribution to the effort to get those dollars without getting Washington control in the bargain is something for which conserva-

(*continued on page 39*)

NOT AVAILABLE FROM THE HOUSE OF GUCCI

Baron Von Kannon is pleased to make an exclusive offer to the discriminating readers of The Alternative. For a limited time only you may order an Official Alternative Turkey Tee Shirt, designed exclusively for The Alternative through the coordinated efforts of some of the world's toniest fashion salons in Paris, London, and Bean Blossom, Indiana.

Alternative Turkey Tee Shirts are ideal for students, part-time athletes, contemplatives, *bon vivants*, and other tee shirt *aficionados*—and they make terrific gifts.

To receive your very own Alternative Turkey Tee Shirt—or to send one as a gift—just clip the order form below, or send a reasonable facsimile, along with your check or money order to The Baron.

BARON VON KANNON
P.O. Box 877
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Dear Baron: Please send me my very own Alternative Turkey Tee Shirt immediately. Enclosed is $..... ($4.95 for one shirt, $9.00 for two shirts, and $4.00 for each additional shirt.) Please make checks payable to The Baron.

Number wanted: ....Medium ....Large ....Extra Large (this size recommended for most people as the Turkey Tee's are 100% cotton and will shrink.)

Also please send me .... Alternative Buttons at $1 each.

(*please print*)

Name:_____

Address:_____

City:_____

State:_____ Zip:_____

106

Please list your gift orders on a separate sheet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT WISDOM

Juris Doctor

Crack reporter, Marlene Adler Marks, delivers an eye-witness account of a very wholesome therapy session recently held at Esalen in Big Sur, California for 25 moronic members of the Los Angeles city attorney's office—good news for California's con men:

Stan Levy suggested physical contact. Massage each other, he said. "It's one of the nicest things we can do for each other. During breaks, during lunch. Show each other we care."

He stood in the center of his colleagues, all undressed before the winds, and demonstrated. "Now when you give your partner a massage," Levy said, "concentrate particularly on the crown of the head. We lawyers spend so much time concentrating, the tension builds up in the forehead and the crown."

He moved his hands in tight circles around a colleague's forehead. Slowly he broadened the circles and worked his way around the eyes, the cheeks, the ears. Next the mouth. "Lawyers have tension in the mouth because we can't always say what we think," he said. He warmed to his subject as he moved to the arms, the waist, the back. "Lawyers build up tension in the back and the neck, they block up there and experience a lot of pain..." "The heart, somewhere along the line we've all suffered defeat here..." "The feet, the toes...particularly sensitive to lawyers who do trial practice...."

And as soon as he was done, they all went to it. Male and female, they massaged each other. As prosecutors and counselors all, they knew where they hurt.

[*July-August 1976*]

The New Republic

A *New Republic* editorialist speaks to his analyst:

Berating Nixon is always a pleasure; having his memory to kick around will be a source of satisfaction to liberals for many years to come.

[*January 15, 1977*]

Esquire

Mr. John Leonard, the *New York Times*' cultural nerve ending, reveals an intelligently conceived syncretism, essential for surviving the groan that passes for life in present-day fascist America:

If every time I think of Vietnam I can manage at the same time to think of Mary Tyler Moore, I can also manage to feel not so bad about being an American.

[*February 1977*]

Commonweal

The Rev. Raymond A. Schroth lays down a lachrymose catalogue of the world's leading troubles:

For non-monks, one of the great attractions of monasteries, and of those pseudo-monasteries like seminaries on hilltops, is their separateness, their apparent isolation from what the rest of us experience as the troubles of the "world" —social pressure, competitive capitalism, alienation, work anxiety, messed-up love affairs and muggings and bicycle thieves in Central Park. [*October 22, 1976*]

The New Republic

The state of reasoned discourse at the *New Republic*, where a howl in the night may be published as an editorial on the morrow:

Nixon, Kissinger, Ford, Agnew, Mitchell, Butz, Connally, Haig, Rogers, Helms, Simon, Greenspan, Richardson, Rockefeller, Laird, Whitehead, Rumsfeld, Kleindienst, Finch, Gray... The list of clods, malefactors, narrow-minded reactionary zealots, egomaniacs, flunkies, lame-brains goes on and on. Good riddance to them all.

[*January 15, 1977*]

The Washington Star

Mrs. Wendy Morgan, socialite, reports on the booming cultural life of Thailand for the illustrious *Star* of Washington:

Buddhist monks bless pills and condoms when they arrive. Children in primary schools sing family planning songs and say their alphabet: 'B is for Birth, C is for Contraceptives,' etc. Children between six and 10 call the pill the family welfare vitamin and they ask their mothers if they are taking it. The social pressure created by the children is terrific. It's become a point of national pride to wear a T-shirt that says 'I am vasectomized.' or for the woman 'I am protected.' Poor Thai families can rent a pair of water buffaloes (their equivalent to our tractors) for half price if they take up family planning. Contraceptives are sold with vegetables and housewares in the little boats of the floating markets, and shopkeepers and school teachers distribute them.

[*January 1, 1977*]

Adrienne Rich

Yet another thundering anthropo-socio-philosophical declaration from a shrew gone bonkers, this time the preposterosity comes from Miss Adrienne Rich in *Of Woman Born*:

The patriarchal institution of motherhood is not the human condition any more than rape, prostitution, and slavery are.

[*W.W. Norton, publisher*]

New York Times Book Review

Auspicious developments in the capital of American *Kultur* as reported by leading urbanologist, Pete Hamill:

It is too soon, perhaps, for a cool, rational, detached book about what has happened to New York. Those of us who choose to live here are too choked with rage. Rage at the knowledge that the South Bronx is burning to the ground, and we do not have enough firemen. Rage at the plague of crime and violence, knowing that we have too few policemen. Rage because so many of our schools and hospitals have been permanently awarded to the rats, our parks left strangled on weed and neglect, our libraries reduced to part-time outposts of civilization. Rage at the scabrous conditions of our streets, the potholes and trenches that might never again be filled, the sewers clogged with a winter's dismal refuse. Rage at the businessmen fleeing to their suburban arcadias. Rage at the loss of our local democracy. Rage at Washington. Rage at our own impotence.

[*June 20, 1976*]

San Francisco Chronicle

A legendary California newspaper records the breathless observations of one of the U.S. Senate's most enormous hinds, upon returning from glorious and inscrutable Peking:

[Senator] Percy, clad in brief blue swim trunks and a peach sportshirt, and equally exhilarated by the trip, jumps right into the conversation with a surprising remark: "Mao is the George Washington of his country," he contends. "It's incredible—the signs and sayings of Mao are everywhere. Example: 'We shall harness the Yellow River'—that's all he says and suddenly millions of people are volunteering to work on it." "That's how they've eliminated corruption and dope," he points out. "It's a Mao philosophy and principle, carried out through peer group pressure. If somebody steals a bicycle, 100 people in the streets chase down the thief. In Chicago, most of them would turn their backs. I told one man that I'd heard dope pushers were taken into the streets and shot. 'No,' he told me, 'we reason with them.' I didn't ask what he meant by 'reason.' "

[*September 20, 1975*]

Publishers Weekly

Another complicated asseveration from metaphysician Charles Reich. All we ask is that you read these lines with an open mind and one hand thrust deep in a large pile of warm cow dung:

It may sound pretentious, but in order for us to understand ourselves as a people, we need to understand ourselves as individuals first. That's what we've tried to do in this book.

[*November 29, 1976*]

Psychology Today

Important notifications from the classified section of one of America's most advanced publications:

YOUR PSYCHE REJUVENATED—THROUGH ALPHANETICS! Easier, more effective method of self-programming, mind control and relaxation. Details FREE. Life Dynamics Fellowship, Box 418-DGF, 2935 Chillon Way, Laguna Beach, Calif. 92652.

VULNERABLE is Beautiful. Primal Feeling Center of New England, Inc., 70 Nashua Street, Milford, NH 03055.

[*January 1977*]

Times Literary Supplement

Professor Norman Cohen resorts to cruel and sophomoric sarcasm in trying to come to terms with the really prodigious lucubrations of Miss Jill Johnston, lesbian, revolutionary, and human being:

In the review of Ms. Jane Rule's *Lesbian Images*, Ms. Jill Johnston is quoted as maintaining that "until all women are lesbians there will be no true political revolution." Surely this is a rather half-hearted approach? I have long held that if only everyone, of both sexes, were homosexual, all human problems would be solved in less than a century.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 37)

tives, if anything, should be grateful.

Griffith achieves maximum silliness, however, in his criticism of Unigov, by which Indianapolis reorganized on metropolitan lines. Metropolitan government, a venerable concept which only a very few cities have managed to achieve, is one of the prime accomplishments of Lugar's eight years as Mayor. Among the benefits of metropolitan organization are numerous considerations dear to the heart of any conservative—for example, simplification of government, elimination of overlapping and unnecessary agencies, reduction of taxes and expenditures, and so forth. And in fact, Unigov has had such results in Indianapolis: Literally scores of governments and agencies have been replaced, in essence, by a single metropolitan executive and council and six administrative agencies, and Lugar was able to reduce property tax rates several years running.

Griffith says nothing about this, however, and seeks to leave the impression that Unigov was shoved down the throats of an unwilling populace. In particular, he suggests that Unigov rode roughshod over the rights of black citizens by "diluting" their vote. The idea that government should be organized in a way that maximizes the percentage vote of a given ethnic or racial group reflects a curious conception of democracy, to say the least, especially from one who apparently purports to be some kind of "true" conservative. But in fact, although some blacks did oppose Unigov for the reason Griffith suggests, in practice the reorganization increased their political representation, since among the features of the plan was a shift from at-large to district elections. Moreover, if Unigov was as unpopular as Griffith contends, it is certainly hard to explain Lugar's mammoth electoral success when he ran for re-election as Mayor. Indeed, Lugar set a record for Indianapolis-Marion County politics, pulling some 70% of the vote in the annexed areas, and increasing his previous majority in the "old" city. Significantly, too, Lugar polled one of the highest percentages of the black vote ever achieved by a Republican in Indianapolis.

Griffith's gratuitous and insulting remarks about my ability and integrity as an attorney deserve no response. But I would ask the reader to judge which of us has, in fact, been "sloppy with the facts."

Changing Your Address?

Please attach address label from the *most recent* issue of your Alternative in the space below. Print your new address and mail this form to The Alternative. When writing to us about your subscription always attach your adress label or print your name and address *exactly* as it appears on your address label. Be sure to include the line of information above your name.

Important: allow six weeks for address change.

THE ALTERNATIVE
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 877
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

(Please attach address label here.)

☐ Please renew my subscription for one year. Enclosed is my check for $10.00 106C

(please print)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip .....

Date of change .....

classified

HELP WANTED

Position as Account Executive or Account Representative (depending on skills and experience) with leading national direct mail fund raising agency specializing in politically conservative clients. Experience desired. Growth potential. Salary negotiable. Write: P.O. Box 941, Dept. (A), Vienna, VA. 22180.

FREE-LANCE ARTISTS AND CARTOONISTS: Your talents are needed to adorn the pages of this journal. Send specimens of your work to: Adam Meyerson, The Alternative, P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, IN 47401.

POSITIONS WANTED

MORE INSPIRING JOB, government or private, law-related or otherwise, sought by conservative-libertarian lawyer, 30, single. B.A. (Psych.) '70, U.C. Berkeley. Phi Beta Kappa; J.D. '74, Harvard, Broad interests. Skilled in thinking, research, writing. Imaginative, energetic, strong, attractive, patriotic. Consider going anywhere. If you know anyone requiring such a man, please write Box W, The Alternative. Telephone evenings: (415) 771-6014.

REACH 45,000 READERS
with an Alternative classified advertisement 25 cents a word. 12-word minimum. Box numbers $2 each. The Alternative reserves the right to reject any copy for any reason. Please specify ad classification: Help Wanted, Positions Wanted, Books & Periodicals, Literary, Conferences, Personal, Miscellaneous. Send advertisements with full payment to: Classified Ad Department, The Alternative, P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, IN 47401.

BOOKS & PERIODICALS

FREE SAMPLE. Don't be the last one to get THE WORD! Outspoken—some liberals say *outrageous*—monthly newsletter. Written by Bob Gross—the *thinking* person's Conservative, and world-famous investment adviser. The Word dares to take on the liberal media, the liberal establishment, and the liberal Federal Government with intelligent debate rather than with bombast. Does not simply bay at the moon, but offers sensible solutions, and recipes for survival. The Word exposes the fallacy in much liberal thinking. The Word is gauche enough to be patriotic, conservative enough to be published at a profit, low-priced enough to appeal to all, and vital enough to be *must* reading for any intelligent citizen. Interested? Sample absolutely FREE. Send name and address to: The Word, P.O. Box 2144, Pompano Beach, Florida 33061.

WANTED TO BUY: Greek classical texts, preferably bilingual Loeb editions. Send information to: Alison Hadley Graves, 12571 Northwinds Drive, St. Louis, Missouri 63141.

MISCELLANEOUS

NEW from the Decatur Shop, H.L. Mencken Tee Shirts. Two sizes fit all: Large and Too Large. $6.00 each, postpaid. Order from: The Commodore, The Decatur Shop, North Adams, Michigan 49262.

Looking for a good old-fashioned harangue? Many of The Alternative's writers are available as lecturers. Ideal for colleges, business groups, etc. For information, call or write: The Shore Line Company, P.O. Box 553, Bloomington, Indiana 47401. (812-334-2761)

MISCELLANEOUS

8mm & 16mm MOVIES
"What 80 Million Women Want," Women Suffrage film made in 1912 by Emeline Pankhurst & Women's Suffrage Workers. Film may be rented in 16mm or purchased in 8mm or 16mm. This is one of many interesting movies made between 1895 and 1929. Others include Woodrow Wilson's 1912 campaign film; Chaplin comedies; "Smoking Out Belle Butts"; "She Wanted a Car"; News; Westerns; and "Mariana," an immigrant girl caught by the white slavers. FILM CLASSIC, 1914 S. Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. 90007.

PROCLAIM YOUR INNOCENCE with a "Don't Blame Me, I Wrote In Reagan" vinyl bumpersticker. 1/$1, 3/$2.50, 10/$5. Andrew Cseplo, Box 54, Catlett, VA 22019.

INCENSE HAND CRAFTED in Texas. Unusual gift for discriminating friends, or treat yourself to the best in authentic scents. Sampler assortment of all our 27 delicious flavors with descriptive full color catalogue and elegant advanced design burner $4.00. Incense Of The Linga Sharira, P.O. Box 12352-L, Austin, Texas 78711.

Tired of the same old political hacks who want nothing but power? Join an organization dedicated to an ideal. Join the Flat Earth Party. Illustrated membership cards 50 cents each; 3 for $1; 10 for $3. Write The Baron, 942 Maxwell Terrace, Suite F, Bloomington, IN 47401. No membership benefits other than cards.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Celebrate this April Fools' Day with Style

Make this April Fools' Day a memorable occasion, one that will linger with your prospective victim for months and remind him of you at your saucy best. For a limited time only you can make your friends hoot and your enemies squirm. Simply send them an April Fools' Day gift subscription to American journalism's most conscientious practical joke.

Consider the possibilities:

Yuletide is for little children. New Year's Eve is for large children. And April Fools' Day is for us, the jolly people of *The Alternative*. Your friends wonder why you always sport that contented smile. Send them an April Fools' Day joke that will let them in on it. Your enemies think the world is whirling towards doom. Send them their vision of hell. They have had their day; now you have yours. Send them *The Alternative*.

Yes indeed, *The Alternative* is an unsurpassed April Fools' Day joke—especially for that special person on your list. If you know a pecksniff, a bureaucrat, or a professor whose days are filled with cosmic concerns, one who has raised being a busybody to the level of numinous ideology, you can now slam his feet back on the ground and yank his nose out of everyone else's business.

Order for him *The Alternative*. He will hate puckish you all the more. He will know the enemy lurks just beyond his grasp. And he will dread the morning mail.

Think of it! By mailing this coupon today you can bring misery to someone for an entire year. And if you desire, we shall even send a special April Fools' Day card to the poor chump.

THE ALTERNATIVE
102 West Sixth Street / P.O. Box 877
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

Enclosed is $..... for ..... one-year gift subscriptions to *The Alternative* ($10 each). I understand that, if desired, an April Fools' gift card will be sent in my name.

(*please print*)

My name .....
Address .....
City ..... State ..... Zip .....

1. Gift for .....
Address .....
City ..... State ..... Zip .....
Gift card to read from .....
Or shall we keep it a secret? .....

2. Gift for .....
Address .....
City ..... State ..... Zip .....
Gift card to read from .....
Or shall we keep it a secret? .....

April Fools' 106

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED